Lilly. Waitt. Colman & Co

The Traveller, Family Journal,

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

BY CHARLES J. R. FISHER,
20 NASSAU-STREET, AT $3 PER ANN. IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, 1833.

VOL. II.....WHOLE No. 120.
OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 16, 1833.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

This is St. Patrick's Eve,—the period which forms the ground work of the new piece announced at the Park, and to-morrow of course, will be the ever famed St. Patrick's Day,—the festival of Green Erin's Tutelary Saint! and tho' its occurring on Sunday must delay the festivities held to his honor, for some few hours at least, yet all who have observed the national character will own that no change of time, no variance of circumstances can alter the warm heart of an Irishman, let his Saint's day fall when it may.

To every one whose eye has rested on Erin's verdant fields and lovely Daughters,—or whose hand has grasped an Irishman's in friendship and hospitality, this day must ever bring the sweetest recollections. On this Eay every Irish pulse throbs at the thought of his native Land, on whatever shore his fate has cast him. On this Day every Irishman's house and heart are open to his friend, and generosity reigns paramount in both. And the cup that is raised to "Erin go bragh" throughout our land of freedom, will have millions of echos across the big waters,

There Nature has ever a prodigal been,
And to show that the Isle is her pride,
She carpets her fields with a far brighter green
Than is found in the World beside.

Of all national festivals in the old World, not one is kept with such real warmheartedness as St. Patrick's Day,—for perhaps no people are so strictly national. The name of *ould Ireland* is the *Sesame* that opens every Irish heart;—and ill betide the time when Irishmen forget St. Patrick's Day, or cease to wish *"Erin, go bragh!"*

A SLEIGH RACE.

Dear Mr. Editor—As the snow is all gone, do you think I may now venture to express the disappointment I experienced in that fashionable frolic, A Sleigh Ride? I dared not do so before, for fear of having my nose snapped off either by a sleigh rider, or a North Wester. I could not tell my grief to any one for fear of being laughed at, but I am resolved at last to lay my complaint—(in confidence) before *the public at large.*

It appears to me that the mirth of a sleigh is found [illegible] Bells, and, like some of our [illegible] affair of single, and the [illegible] the French at the end of [illegible] Events, Mr. Editor, I will dedicate to you my *first sleigh ride*, and leave you to judge.

You, and I, and all, know that an Englishman does not look for his Christmas Pudding more regularly than a New Yorker for his sleighing: and so universally do both sexes subscribe to this yearly fashion that I have a strong notion of publishing a New Annual, and calling it the "Sleigh Ride,"—since every body is sure to take it. Then since such is the acknowledged custom, we may easily imagine with what forebodings this anti-snow winter has been watched and commeated on by our Fashion loving citizens. At the first appearance of a fall, some young friends bespoke me and a Sleigh, for a ride to Harlaem;—and the snow was scarcely as thick, or as white on the ground, as the sugar on a Twelfth Cake, when some four of us "*he fellows*," with as many Buffalo skins, were crammed into a long, low Box which was speedily ran away with by a pair of tall horses three times the height of our carriage, and off we scampered up Broadway much after the fashion of a tin pot tied to a dog's tail. My young friends thought this high fun, and in the exuberance of their spirits, yoostered and laughed so loudly, that they drowned the jingle of the bells.—But as tastes both widely and wisely differ, and being myself unused to these rural sports, I could see no amusement in being thus pent up in this *skaiting coffin*, wrapt up to the chin in Buffalo Hides, like a babe in its swaddling clothes, with one's arms pinioned down to keep the ribs from shaking apart with the cold,—and in this defenceless condition, to be pelted to death with snow balls from the hoofs of one's own horses. Charming entertainment! I do not contend that it may not be highly delightful, only I could'nt see the joke of it myself, but we all know that men will differ in their estimates of enjoyment.

In this agreeable manner we reached Harlaem, and being the first sleigh party of the season, had the honor and glory of being unexpected, and unprepared for. With limbs, stiff as the dead hogs at the grocery doors,—with teeth usurping the office of the tongue, and *chattering* with cold,—and our whole persons shaking like so many glasses of uneasy jelly, we were ushered into a fireless room—large enough for a parade ground, having a window to every square yard of its space, and quite as many doors as windows.—"*How very fashionable a sleigh ride is,*"—said one of my companions:—Y-e-s! replied I with the blandest expression my frozen features could be moved into, while my teeth clattered together like a sausage chopper. "*And a very agreeable mode of passing away the night,—dont you think so*" said another,—I tried to respond, but failed:—the frozen breath had made my lips adhesive, but I looked a reply, which meant—just whatever he chose to interpret it. The thermometer like myself stood at the *point of freezing*, and if my veins could have been inspected they must have looked like meandering icicles in crimson jackets. A fast walk up and down the room was the only chance of quickening *my* circulating fluid while the Landlord was preparing *his*,—in the shape of some smoking "*Egg nog*," which I find is the "*circulating fluid*" usual on these occasions.

By the time the thick smoke of the newly kindled green wood had struggled its way up into the cold air of the huge chimney, other fashionable freezers had arrived and were departing, in sleighs of every imaginable shape and size. Being once again furred up to the chin, to retain the small share of caloric imparted by the warm fluid aforesaid, we replaced ourselves in the long Box, just as another party were doing the same sensible thing, and off we set together. So fair a start could not by possibility pass without some pithy, if not elegant criticisms from our respective drivers on the relative mettle of their steeds, which they forthwith put to the test, by converting the Third Avenue into an Olympic course,—and our journey homeward into a modern Chariot Race. The inmates roared and laughed,—while the rivals whipped and shouted:—and as for me, I might have remained tolerably comfortable, had not the horses in doubling their speed, doubled their number of snow balls, which they pelted at me with the rapidity of Perkins' steam guns. Excited by the race, my friends stood erect, leaving me at the bottom of the sleigh, wrapped in my skin, and tossed from side to side like a loose barrel on ship board:—and as we passed over various rough parts of the road which the snow had vacated, I was shaken like a pan-cake in a frying pan. How long this agreeable pastime would have continued in the regular way, I know not,—for in the ardor of the race, the rivals came in such rapid and violent contact, that the sleighs were turned over, and the riders turned out. In what points of the compass, my several friends threw their various somersets, I did not learn,—for enveloped as I was,—and rendered utterly non-resident by the folds of my ample wrapper, I was whirled out of the sleigh with an irresistable impulse that precipitated me head foremost, into a nice cool bank of snow, whence I was lifted by one of our racers who thought this frolic the crowning glory of the ride,—leaving an excellent impression of my entire features in the snow, which a skilful sculptor would have found an excellent mould for the bust of a cheerful sleigh rider.

E.

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE.

D. K. Minor has commenced in this city, the publication of a new periodical, designed to suit the convenience and supply the wants of our mechanics. The first number contains a great variety of appropriate matter, and from a cursory glance we should say will meet the view of the intelligent mechanic. It is we learn the design of the editor to furnish the readers with a small digestible selection of the most useful and interesting articles from the London Mechanics' Magazine, London Register of Arts and Sciences, Reporting of Jurudiens, Library of Useful Knowledge, Journal of the Franklin Institute, and other works connected with the arts and manufactures in this country and in Europe. The enterprising proprietor we are persuaded, will secure from the public that patronage and support which are never witheld when justly deserved.

THE ENTHUSIAST!

The pensive Enthusiast sat on a hill,
The winds they were hush'd and the ocean was still,
And nothing was heard but the clack of the mill,
Near the pensive Enthusiast's seat on the hill.

For the woes of mankind the Enthusiast wept,
And then overcome by soft sorrows he slept,
'Till losing his balance, as sleeping folks will,
The pensive Enthusiast roll'd down the hill.

His head it was dash'd on a sharp pointed rock;
All the brains that he had were beat out by the shock;
From which sad disaster this moral is found,
"When you sleep out of doors choose a flat piece of ground."

Meteorological Journal of my Wife's Temper.

Monday—Rather cloudy. Afternoon rainy.
Tuesday—Vapourish; brightened up a little towards night.
Wednesday—High winds and some peals of thunder.
Thursday—Changeable; gloomy; inclined to rain.
Friday—Fair in the morning; afternoon rainy; cloudy all night.
Saturday—Gentle breezes; hazy; a thick fog towards evening, and a few flashes of lightning.

COCKNEY CONUNDRUMS.

"Why is a promoted Curate like a basket?"
"Because he is *made a Worker.*"
"Why is a Baronet's coat cut as good as himself?"
"Because he is a Sir, and his coat is a *Sir too.*"
"Why is a woman living up two pair of stairs a Goddess?"
"Because she is a *second Flora?*"
"Why is a Trichinopoli chain like a broken-down door?"
"Because it is come from the *Hinges.*"

EPIGRAM

TRANSLATED FROM MARTIEL.

To a poor Physician

Gaius falls sick, and fruitless'd scrolls for thee,
Then gives physic, and he gives a fee.
Three happy pair! whose int'rests thus combine,
Thou cursest his disorder—he cures thine.

A French artilleryman at Antwerp, was obliged to undergo amputation. Seeing the attendants carrying off his leg, he called out, "I say, comrade, give me back my shoe; I had only one pair, that will now make me two."

"Boy," said a pedagmatic old fellow to a noisy urchin, "what are you *hallooing*" for when I'm going by?" "Humph!" returned the boy, "what are you going by for, when I'm *hallooing?*"

We meet with the following notice of a *matrimonial* transaction, in the Centreville, La.) Times, of the 8th inst. The title of the paper is quite familiar, but the name of the editor will hardly warrant us in charging the *deed* upon our neighbor; unless we suppose he has stolen a march upon us, by assuming false colors—*Indiana Pal.*

"Another pair is gone."

Married—At Greenville, Ohio, after a short courtship, which he bore with great impatience, C. B. Flood, Editor of the Western Statesman, to Miss Anna Dean. Mr. Flood was a young gentleman of correct department and respectable talents; the young circle in which he moved will regret his unexpected exit. We extend to him the right hand of congratulation.

A gentleman sent his servant with a present of nine ducks in a box, upon which was the following direction:—"*To Alderman Gobble, withouine ducks.*" The servant who had more ingenuity than honesty, purloined three of the ducks, and contrived it so, that the number contained in the box corresponded with that on the direction. As he neither erased any word nor letter, nor substituted a new direction, how did he alter it so as to correspond with the contents of the box? (The servant merely placed the letter *s* before the two Roman numerals (x.) The directions then read thus: "*To Alderman Gobble, with* six *ducks.*"

The Sporting Chronicle.

FANNY KEMBLE.

This distinguished and familiar name, which the lips of royalty have sounded in their palaces,—which poets have eulogized in their loftiest strains, and youthful zealots made a demi Idol of, has now become, more literally, a theme for *the Mews!* I had heard of this lamentable change, and went to witness it,—not for the cold-hearted purpose of gazing on fallen greatness, but to evince my magnanimity, and to prove that my admiration was not to be altered by any change of circumstances. The building she inhabits is little better than a mere stable, and I was ushered into her presence without even the common courtesy of knocking at the door. I found her clothed in a rough hairy coat and attended by a parental looking nurse in a similar covering, but on a more extensive scale. Her couch was no better than common straw, and a table—as good as that she ate on—might be made of any old mang'r. A pitchfork was her chambermaid, and what may appear somewhat extraordinary is, that she had four legs and a long tail! Her owner, Mr. John Watson, of Tattersall's called her a filly,—said she was out of a Messenger mare, got by Mr. Rhind's imported Arabian—Kochlani! and that he had christened her Fanny Kemble, in the hope that like her name-sake she would some day *have a good run!*

York, Pa. March 4.

FOXES.

These animals have been unusually plenty in our neighborhood this season, and the music of the hounds, when in full pursuit, has often been heard sounding over our hills and reverberating along our valleys. A number of the cunning fellows have been caught. One day last week the hounds were so close upon the heels of an old Reynard, on the top of Chicques Rock, that to save himself he jumped off the precipice and alighted in the road, a distance of more than 300 feet. Some persons who were near the place at the time, picked him up; he was uninjured with the exception of slight bruise. Two years ago, last Christmas, a fox leaped from the same rock and was killed by the fall.—*Farmer.*

OBITUARY EXTRAORDINARY!!

Died, recently, at STERLING'S Dinwiddie county, Va. deprived by age of nose and eye, the full blooded and well broke, imported English pointer slut SYL. The remains of Sly were interred on the last field she had ranged with her master; and to mark the "ruling passion" the very cover whence she flushed her last convey in life, shrouds her remains in death. Ye children of the mass and belt, ye sons of the pellet and tube, lovers of staunchness and docility, ye who are the friends of dogs—

"For they are honest creatures,
That ne'er betray their masters,"

drop a tear o'er the remains of one, that was steady, obedient, and faithful to the last! H.

SPORTING.

An old man who was never accused of being a wizzard, went out with his gun one day to hunt squirrels, accompanied by his son. Before they approached the ground where they expected to find the game, the gun was charged with a severe load, and when at last the old gentleman discovered one of the little animals, he took a rest and blazed away, expecting to see him fall, of course—but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with so much force as to "*kick*" him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son, "Alpha, did I point the *right end* of the gun at the squirrel"

GREEN MOUNTAIN BEARHUNT.

Williamstown, Mass. Dec. 6, 1832.

MR. EDITOR:—As, in the prospectus to your Magazine, you solicit sporting intelligence of all kinds, and as, perhaps, some of your southern brethren may never have enjoyed the pleasures of a Green Mountain hunt, I propose, in this paper, to give you a hasty sketch of one in which I was engaged last winter.

About the middle of last February, an old hunter of this place,—a real Nimrod,—came to my room in college, (you must know, I am a collegian,) and informed me that he had the day before discovered the tracks of three bears on the west mountains, about three miles back of his house, and proposed that I should get two or three of my companions and make a hunt. I was delighted, as you may well suppose, and readily consented, promising to be at his shanty by sunrise, the next morning. I had no difficulty in finding four others to accompany me. Each of us owned a rifle. Oh! Mr. Editor, if you could only see mine—she's a beauty: tall and slim, with a slight that would ravish you. Next to Miss ——— ———, I love her better than any thing living. After spending the evening in running balls, greasing patches and boots, and laying in a good store of provisions, we separated.

An hour before daylight, the next morning, we sounded the "stole away," and arrived at the station agreed on about daylight. Natty Green was up, and had a fine blazing fire ready for us; and, after inspecting our rifles and pronouncing them in good order, he shouldered his knapsack, drew on his buckskin leggins, whistled to his hound,—Snapdragon by name,—and prepared to start. We had three staunch dogs; large bony animals, with big feet and broad hanging ears. It was a clear cold morning, without a breath of air, and the snow still enough to walk on without denting. After a walk of about an hour, we came to the tracks. The sight of them gave us new spirit, and our dogs dashed away on the trail, in full cry. Though somewhat cold, and with a huge icicle hanging pendant at the end of my nose, I never felt better in my life. My companions were in high glee, and we brushed along rapidly, over the crackling snow, occasionally taking a draught from some suspicious looking stone bottles that dangled at our sides. The cry of the dogs became fainter and fainter, until we entirely lost them; although Natty declared he could hear them distinctly. Be that as it may, on we strode over gullies—up hill and down. We had proceeded thus some three hours, when we again heard the yelp of our dogs, and Natty declared they had treed the bears. In about half an hour we came up to them: "D—n the dogs," said Natty; "it's nothing but a racoon, and he d—d to him." We looked up through the white limbs and at last saw a little black head, and a pair of small eyes looking down at us from the top of a high maple. "Who wants to fire?" asked Natty. My rifle was at my shoulder in an instant; and the next, a piece of bark flew from the tree, about two inches from the coon's nose. "Pretty good," said Natty: and, at the same instant, another rifle cracked close by my ear, and spare raccoon came tumbling down through the branches, with a piece of lead in his skull. "Ah! Mr. Yancey, you toco 'em," said Natty, as he took up the animal and examined the hole in his head. "I guess you've seen a rifle afore." We put the hounds on the trail again, hung up the racoon on a branch, and set forward. Two hours more brought us to a good place for taking a lunch. The dogs were [illegible] and we set to work in good earnest, and with appetites mightily improved by our mountain tramp.

But it is unnecessary to relate our progress in every particular. We followed the track till dark; then, kindling a fire, prepared to bivouac on the snow. I never slept better or sounder in my life, and rose, the next morning, as gay as a lark, and perfectly free from any stiffness or cold. Some of our party were not quite so lucky. George Norris one of the stoutest of us, could hardly stand; however, after some rubbing and a hearty dram of Jamaica, he made out to get along very well. At about half past six we reached the summit of Greylock, one of the highest mountains of the range. I shall never forget the splendid scene that opened before us. For miles and miles around, the country lay one vast sheet of pure driven snow; as the bright sun shone upon it, it was almost too dazzling for human eye. Far, far off in the distance, you could see the fog rising from the Hudson; villages and farm houses were sprinkled thickly over the adjacent country; and the whole looked more like some fairy scene, or bright vision of a dream, than true reality. We were fast gaining on the objects of our search; for at the top of the mountain we found the place where they had slept the night before, and they could not now be more than a few hours ahead of us. Their track had turned, and we were now going in a northerly direction. I should think it was about noon when we again heard the deep baying of the dogs; and, as we came nearer to them, could distinguish a long shrill whine—not unlike that of a dog with a tin pan tied to his tail. Natty was full of life; he was sure it was the bears. So we got all ready for the contest; looked to our priming and picked the flints. "Sure enough, there they are," exclaimed Natty, pointing towards a high ledge in front of us. We doubled our pace, and soon came to the spot. I was in a perfect fever. There they were; old Mrs. Bruin and two fat chubby cubs. But we had not caught her yet; for as soon as Madam saw us, she turned tail and cut. The dogs were close on her quarters; and, to my wonder, they did not offer to molest the cubs, but kept worrying the old lady continually. It seems the bear could not bear this any longer; for she turned short and made a plunge at the nearest dog, who, however, avoided the attack, and Mrs. Bruin, being somewhat short in her forelegs, came down so very suddenly, that she tumbled completely over and rolled for about a dozen rods down the hill. We were now within shooting distance; and Natty, raising his rifle carefully to his shoulder, pulled trigger.—The ball took effect; for she [illegible] and made for a tall [illegible] the ascent of a [illegible] seen a gray squirrel. It was an unlucky step, however, for the old lady's ball after ball whistled through the branches, and the white snow underneath was stained, in several places, with drops of blood. La Mere seemed rather uneasy in her elevated station, growling most savagely and showing a beautiful set of teeth, but somewhat covered with froth. The cubs were both in one tree, and my friends, John Foster and John Tenelt, left the old lady to our care and popped away at the young ones. Every thing must have an end. A capital shot from Natty's long rifle took Bruin between the eyes, and the next moment she was on the snow, and Natty Green drawing his long knife across her throat. We had some capital sport with the cubs; but finally succeeded in capturing both, and fine fat fellows they were, too; corn fed rascals. Now, the trouble was how to get them home. Natty soon fixed that by rigging out a rude sled of branches; and off we set down the hill, with our prizes. Our first landing was in South Adams, some twenty miles from where we started. Here we hired a sleigh, and at eleven o'clock that night drove up to Platt's tavern, in Williamstown. And now, Mr. Editor, if you will come up here this winter, we'll rig out another expedition, and you shall go along and take a part in the fun.—*American Turf Register.*

Yours, &c.
N. S. ROSSETER.

Sports of the Turf.

TROTTING MATCH AT CHARLESTON.

We learn from a correspondent, that the late Trotting Match between Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, and Alciope, the result of which was given last week, has created a desire for another contest. The first match had excited much interest and the second promises great sport. The Editor of the Charleston Evening Post, has been authorized to make the following challenge:—

"The owner of "*Tam O'Shanter*" will trot him two miles and repeat, any day during this or the next week, against any horse in the City or State, for the sum of $700 a side, with the privilege to either party of making it $1000 on the day of race—carrying a feather or 120 lbs."

As *Tam* was hard pressed in the 1st heat by *Alciope* and beaten in the 2d, in the first match, we presume the challenge has been accepted.

AUGUSTA RACES—LAST DAY.

In our last paper, although we gave the result of this race, we could not give the time, &c. A subscriber has forwarded us the following account which may be depended upon.

AUGUSTA, March 1, 1833.

The race on Saturday, completing the festivities of the week, was for a single dash of a mile, for $600, given by the proprietor, the entrance money, and a splendid jacket and cap, presented by J. J. Byrd, Esq to the Augusta Jockey Club. The horses entered, were—

Dr. Laverck's b. m. *Lucinda*, by Sir Andrew; Mr. Miner's br. h. *Nullifier*, by Whip; and Mr. McKeen's b. h. *Restless*, by Sir Walter.

At the "call," all three came up to the post, and at the tap of the drum, got well off together. Lucinda took the lead, and kept it throughout, coming in a few feet ahead of the gallant Nullifier—of course taking the prize.

The friends of Nullifier not feeling satisfied, proposed to give the Lady another trial—her friends, being proud of her success, immediately accepted the banter. In five minutes the stakes were up; the word "go" given; as before Lucinda took the lead. In going down the 1st stretch, Nullifier caught his fair antagonist—from the shouts one would readily have come to the conclusion, that the heat was his—but the struggle was not over. Another look, and Lucinda had the lead, and come in handsomely, ahead, half a length. Time, 1st heat, 2m—2d heat, 1m. 58s. So the Races ended, without any circumstance to be recorded to mar the pleasure of the Sports of the Field. The purses were divided between our Virginia friends and our own State, equally. We learn that a sweepstakes, for 3 year old colts, will be run over our Course, the day preceding the next annual Races. Entrance $500—play or pay.

S. CAROLINA JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

CHARLESTON.

The annual Races over the Washington Course at Charleston, came off on Monday, Feb. 25, with a sweepstake for colts and fillies, three years old, $500 entrance—two mile heats. The following entries were made with the Secretary the evening previous.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. Herr Cline, by Sir Archy.

Col. R. W. Singleton's ch. f. by Crusader, out of Young Lottery.

Col. John R. Spann's b. f. Julia, by Bertrand, out of Transport.

Two horses only contended for the purse, which was won with ease in two heats, by *Julia*, Herr Cline barely saving his distance in both cases. Time, 2m. 10s. The weather was fine, but from the great disparity in the speed of the nags, little interest was excited.

SECOND DAY—WEDNESDAY.

To-day was presented one of the most interesting trials of speed and bottom, ever exhibited on the Washington Course. The purse was $1000, for which were entered—

Col. Jas. B. Richardson's s. h. Bertrand, jr. 5 years old, sire Bertrand, dam Transport.

Col. R. W. Singleton's s. h. Godolphin, 4 years old, sire Crusader, dam Sylph.

Wm. G. Horas' b. f. Rattlesnake, 3 years old, sire Bertrand, dam, Paragon.

Both owners and horses were so advantageously known, that the Course was thronged with the *elite*, the beauty and fashion of the city. Charleston has been alive with strangers from every section of the country, many of whom have remained in town since the great match race at Columbia, to witness the annual races of the most celebrated Jockey Club in S C. The vast number of Naval and Military Officers on the stand gave an increased beauty and interest to the delightful *tableaux* which the field presented. Of the horses, our readers will [illegible] be [illegible]-known: though run at Savannah, over the Bonadventure Course, with Sally Hornet, at the late meeting of the Jockey Club in that city. Besides, she is a descendant of the old Bertrand, an account of whose race with Aratus and Creeping Kate, in 1826, by Governor Wilson, we published a short time since in this paper. It may not be improper to state here, that the sum of *thirty-five thousand dollars* was offered and *refused* this day, for old Bertrand, being exactly ten times the sum given for him by Mr. Lindsey, of Kentucky, his present owner, who bought him of Col. Spann, the day following the splendid race in 1826, above mentioned.

Col. Richardson's *Bertrand, jr.* has a reputation worthy an owner whose motto is—"a fair field and no favor." *Godolphin*, it is true, beat him last January at Columbia in a race, (3 miles,) when they had to compete with Betsey Hare, the property of that veteran Sportsman of the Turf, Col. Johnson, of Virginia, though that fact gave an increased interest to the present trial. His friends were exceedingly anxious to have another *bout* with Godolphin, knowing him to be superior in speed and bottom to his late victorious rival. It is rather singular that neither Bertrand, jr. or Godolphin had never run four mile heats, although their speed and bottom was thought by their backers to be well established. It is well known to every man, at all acquainted with the blooded stock of this country, that Colonels Richardson's and Singleton's are second to none here,—the descendant of Bertrand and Transport must be game, yet, the late conquest of Godolphin, Bertrand's only victor, gave great confidence to his numerous and sanguine friends.

At the appointed hour, (12 o'clock) the horses were brought upon the course, and gave an increased flutter to the holders of betting books, upon the *stands*. When stripped, their appearance was perfect, and reflected the highest encomiums on the excellence of their grooming and training. Godolphin moved with a most imposing air, while Bertrand, jr. discovered his usual sluggishness, and occasionally champing the *bit*, and giving a look at the imbecile concourse, seemingly as if he well understood the proud character he was about to personate. The fine spirits of Rattlesnake won her many friends, although she was as usual, extremely restive.

At the signal to "mount," the Jockies, tastefully dressed, brought up their horses to the post, each displaying the fine and silken coats and that beautiful symmetry and elegance so characteristic of *the South*, when the track was awarded to Rattlesnake, Godolphin next, and Bertrand, jr. last.

When the word "go" was given, they all got well off Godolphin leading, Bertrand, jr. next, ex with Rattlesnake in the rear. For near 3 miles, Godolphin and his competitor were side by side. At this moment Rattlesnake made her push, and after a spirited contest, Bertrand, jr. was pulled up by the rider, being well satisfied, that if not footed for the first heat, he had nerve and muscle that would never fail. The contest for the heat was now resigned to Godolphin and Rattlesnake, and after a close and animated contest, resulted in favor of Godolphin, Bertrand, jr. dropping within the post.

The friends of Godolphin were now confident of success. The friends of Bertrand, jr. knew he had never lost but one race, and had never won the first heat in all his victories. Rattlesnake had many friends, and some backers. After the usual time of rubbing had transpired, the combatants were summoned to the starting post, and at the tap of the drum, went off in fine style, Bertrand, jr. ahead, Godolphin next, and Rattlesnake last.

On the second round, Godolphin made a push at Bertrand, jr. and succeeded in passing him after an animated contest. It was now supposed that victory would perch upon the banner of Godolphin—Bertrand, jr. still hung upon the haunches of Godolphin, and on the third round, made a demonstration upon his antagonist, but still remained but second in the heat. On the fourth round, Bertrand, jr. made his last push, and after a vigorous effort by Godolphin to sustain his position, he was compelled to yield the palm of victory for this heat to Bertrand, jr. who came in under a strong pull.

The friends of Bertand, jr. were now confident of success. Many supposed that Rattlesnake was a dangerous rival to Bertrand, jr. but none supposed that Godolphin could take a position in the next heat.

After the usual time of rubbing had taken place, all were again brought to the starting post, and went off at the tap of the drum, Bertrand, jr. taking the lead, Rattlesnake next, and Godolphin considerably in the rear. There was now no doubt as to the result of the race; although Bertrand was under the strongest pull, his competitors were falling far behind, and the heat and race was won with ease by Bertrand, jr. The time was:—

First heat,	7m. 50s.
Second heat,	8m. 00s.
Third heat,	8m. 10s.

Thus terminated one of the best contested races that was ever run over the Washington Course. Bertrand, jr's. reputation is now placed beyond the reach of contingency. Although the lustre of his fame has been for a short time eclipsed by Godolphin, the placing of Godolphin behind the post in a race of four miles and repeat, and the heats broken, has renewed and regenerated his well earned reputation, and given a brighter splendor to his name. Rattlesnake lost no character though she lost the race, says a Charleston contemporary. She is a young racer of great promise and established her claims as a favorite. It is no disparagement to her that she could not beat Bertrand in a twelve mile race. Godolphin ran against great odds, as he in fact, had to contend against two, and to strain for both the first [illegible]

Great credit is due, and the thanks of the Club should be given to Colonels Richardson and Singleton, for the amusement and interest which they annually impart to the citizens of the State, by the exhibition of their fine stud of horses, in vigorous competition of speed and bottom. It is to be hoped, says a Charleston contemporary, that those gentlemen may long continue to amuse us, and to sustain the fame of Carolina horses at home and abroad.

At a meeting last evening of the Jockey Club, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That $100 be given by the Club, as a purse (with the entrance money) for a sweepstake, 2 mile heats, to be run for this day."

THIRD DAY—THURSDAY.

For this day, three mile heats, purse $600, were entered—

Col. Richardson's b. m. Little Venus, 5 years old, by Sir William, dam Leeadoe.

Col. Singleton's ch. h. Godolphin, 4 years old, by Eclipse, dam Sylph.

On coming to the post, it appeared that no competitor had the hardihood to offer himself, as a candidate for the purse, against the charming Little Venus, who merely had to gallop round the course to secure it. The course was crowded, but the "knowing ones" were well aware Godolphin could not make a successful race with Little Venus, after the severe contest of yesterday.

For the sweepstake of $100, &c. after the main race, Muckle John and Speculator made a beautiful run, which was won by the former in two heats. Time, 1st heat, 4m. 1s.; 2d do. 4m. 5s.

FOURTH DAY—FRIDAY.

The horses entered for this day's race, two mile heats, for the purse of $400, were Col. Richardson's b.f. *Julia*, by Bertrand and Col. Singleton's ch. h. Jim Crow, by Crusader—Jim Crow not appearing on the ground, Julia galloped around the course, and according to custom, the regular Jockey Club Purse was awarded to her owner. This is one of the most singular facts that has occurred for some years past—for two successive days of the regular Club Races, there has been no competition, on account of the disparity in the estimated speed of the nags entered. We are not surprised that the Club should have been obliged to make up a *Sweepstake each day* to attract spectators. There must be something wrong in the management, it would seem to us, but perhaps, "its only a way they've got."

After the race, a sweepstake was run, two mile heats, for which the following horses were entered, and resulted as follows—Speculator, 1 1; Restless, 2 2; Lady Water Legs, distanced. Time of running both heats 4m. each.

The following horses were handicapped for the last days race, viz: Godolphin, Bertrand, Little Venus, Rattlesnake, Julia, Muckle John, Speculator, Restless, and Experiment.

The following gentlemen were, on Saturday last, elected officers of the *Jockey Club*, for the ensuing year:

Col. JAMES E. M'PHERSON. *President.*
Col. T. PINCKNEY. *Vice-President.*
CHARLES WINTHROP. *Treasurer.*
JOHN B. IRVING, *Secretary.*

Stewards—Col. John S. Ashe, Col. A. Miller, J. P. Lowndes, J. C. Cochran, Wm. Washington, Wm. Aiersm, James M'Pherson, jr. James Sinclair, S. T. Gaillard.

From the American Turf Register for March.

THE LONG ISLAND (N. Y.) COURSE has been taken by Alexander L. Botts, Esq. of Virginia—for years past proprietor of the Treehill Course.—Under his management, with the hearty co-operation of the friends of the turf in that region, we may expect the most brilliant results. The immediate vicinity abounds in young stock of the highest promise—to say nothing of many that have already won their way to distinction. And should an understanding and promise of mutual support take place, between the proprietors of the leading courses in Virginia, Maryland, and New York,—which, it would seem, might be easily accomplished,—the day is not distant when the sports of the turf and the breeding of thoroughbred horses will be much more brilliant and worthy of attention than at any former period.

TALLAHASSEE JOCKEY CLUB;

LENGTH OF THE COURSE.

Tallahassee, Fl. ——.

Mr. Editor:—I enclose you, for publication in your valuable Register, an account of our first annual meeting. The track was in fine order, and for one so new, it is believed to be the best in the United States. Every thing was managed with great order and decorum. The weather was remarkably fine, and many strangers attended from a distance, all of whom returned highly pleased with our first sporting display. We had some very fine horses from the adjoining States, particularly Mr. Sprowls' Plato ff, and General Andrew Jackson, from Alabama, and Mr. Alston's Muckle John and Sir Andrew, from Georgia.

Yours, respectfully,
THOS. BROWN,
Secretary and Proprietor.

The following is an extract from the proceedings of the Club:

"In compliance with a resolution of the Jockey Club of Tallahassee, we, the undersigned, have measured the Tallahassee race track, and do certify the same to be, by accurate measurement, one mile and one pole, precisely; measuring 3 feet from the poles, or interior circle of the course. Given under our hands this 17th day of December, 1832.

Signed, ROMEO LEWIS,
ROBT. G. HICKS,
THOS. BROWN,
JOHN McLEMORE.

A true copy.
Thos. Brown, Secretary.

There is now open to subscribers, a sweepstake for three year old colts, to be run over the Tallahassee course, the day preceding the regular annual races in December, 1833, being the third Tuesday in December next, three mile heats, entrance $1000. half forfeit, three or more entries to make a race. The list to close on the fourth day of July next. The colt to be named the day before the race. ☞ Entries may be made by letter, address[illegible] more properly [illegible] the territory of Florida.

This will be one of the most splendid sweepstakes ever run for, it is believed, in the United States. It is got up by gentlemen of fortune, who have command of colts of the best blood and promise in the south, and it is hoped it will induce gentlemen in the north, who are fond of encouraging the sports of the turf, to enter the lists as competitors for a prize so worthy of their notice, and at a season of the year, when the rigor of a northern winter may be avoided by a visit to Tallahassee. THOS. BROWN, Secretary.

NEW PERCUSSION GUN.

At the Royal Institution, last week, Mr Faraday produced a new fowling piece, possessing a curious principle of percussion. This gun is the invention of Mr. Wilkinson, conjointly with Mr. Moser, who has obtained a patent for it. The principle consists in the introduction of the priming into the barrel, and firing it in that situation at the top of the powder. The priming being fixed in the wadding or shot cartridge is struck by a fine steel pin, which passes through a sheath or tube, surrounded by the gunpowder; and the advantages are, that no operation of priming is required, that being done in the act of loading; there is no flash or smoke, it is perfectly water proof, and not liable to miss fire, and the whole charge of powder must be ignited, in consequence of being fired from the top, and exactly in the centre.—*Mech. Mag.*

LIFE IN IRELAND.

Your stupid Englishman retires to bed after his daily labor is ended—your livelier Milesian then only lays himself out for pleasure, and betakes himself to shoot at a Justice of the Peace, or, still better, amuse himself with a *too too among the Peelers.* Do you go out to dinner?—Calculate on being fired at when returning. Do you require a physician?—The odds are, that the honest doctor is qualified for a patient himself before he leaves your lawn. Do you delight in hunting?—You will find the monotonous period of waiting at the coverside agreeably diversified by the occasional whistle of a musket bullet from some ambushed *Rockite*; and if you venture to send a horse out to exercise, your groom returns *mine*, to acquaint you that the quadruped is no more, and that the gentleman who despatched him, sent you his regrets that he was so unlucky as to miss yourself, but by the assistance of the Blessed Lady—for they are a pious and religious race—he hoped to be more successful on a future opportunity. Are you fond of a quadrille?—Ascertain before you attempt your first *chassez*, that the ball-room windows are *bricke -up*, and a guard of honor stationed at the door. Are you, unfortunately, a parson?—Insure your life to the uttermost farthing you can raise—arrange your affairs—perfect your will—and, if you be curious in posthumous renown, prepare your epitaph; then demand one *thirtieth* of your tithes—*you are a dead man to moral*—and your heirs, executors, and assigns, secure of opulence within a fortnight.

A beautiful English girl, a dressmaker by trade, who having no friends or relatives in this country, was kindly permitted to live in the house of an English gentleman of fortune as her home, was brought up before the police charged with feloniously taking and secreting sundry articles of wearing apparel, belonging to the daughter of the gentleman in whose house she had lived. There was a tale of love and elopement about this transaction told by the accused, which is too romantic to repeat; but she stated that the clothes were given her in charge by her accuser, and that she only held them, by her order, until a certain event should be accomplished; that event was accomplished, and she retained the articles still which were found upon her, and the suffering fair was sent to prison.—*Ib.*

Francis First, having asked Castelan, Bishop of Orleans, whether he was of noble extraction, "Sire," replied he, "Noah had three sons in the ark, I cannot say from which of them I descend ed."

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

New-York
TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

SATURDAY EVENING, March 16, 1833.

The undersigned have disposed of their interest in this Establishment to Mr. Charles J. B. Fisher. Honored as they have been by patronage so unprecedented and respectable, they feel a regret at parting which they are unable to express. They commit their successor to the care and generous regard of their subscribers and friends with the assurance that nothing but a conviction of his entire ability to cater to their satisfaction could have induced them to make this arrangement.

HUNT & ADAMS.

To the Subscribers and Friends of the "Traveller"—"Times, &c.

Gentlemen,—I am most happy thus to be made known to you, and without appropriating the flattering encomium of my friends, I will assure you that my most untiring exertions shall be used to justify *their* good opinion and to acquire *yours*:—and the better to enable me so to do, Messrs. Hunt & Adams have most politely offered every facility in their power, and authorized me to use their names in soliciting a continuance of your patronage and support.

If this first number in which I have had any concern, should not answer the expectations of my friends and patrons, I trust they will attribute it to the right cause,—the hurry and confusion naturally attending such an entire change in the Editorial Department,—in future I trust to be better prepared, and shall use my utmost exertions to remove any thing that may appear objectionable, and to supply whatever may seem a desideratum.

Though personally but little acquainted with you, Gentlemen, my family and connexions have been long and publicly known,—and yet I trust our recent knowledge of each other will not militate against my appeal for the continuation of your support, but rather assist it, and as I am a *stranger* I hope you will *take me in*,—or at least my Paper.

CHARLES J. B. FISHER.

A YANKEE STORY.

We are indebted to Mr. Hill, of the "Park Theatre" for the following Yankee story, and if we can entertain our readers with it as much as he does his hearers, we are sure we could not insert a more agreeable article.

Daunty's visit to Buffalo and the Seneca Village with Major Jack Berry.

Well now, *I swan to man*, I've been to Buffalo. Went slamming and banging along in a kind of a twilight—between *asleep and awake*—dreadful nice way to ride! you can sleep there in a kind of *setting prostration*, and not pay a single four pence happenny for lodging,—awful cheap way to sleep! Well, soon as I got t'other end of that are *Canal*, I put up at the *Poineer House*,—shocking nice house to stop at,—Chickens, Turkeys, white bread *an* butter—oh Gauley what eating! Well, first man I spoke to was Major Jack Berry—he that fought at the Battle of Chippewaw,—led his men through the back door—dreadful safe way to fight, now *I tell ye! putty directly*, the Major asked me to go up to the Seneca Village *an* see his Nation—said he was a great chief—I knew he lied all the time like satan. So I got up *ahind* the Major on the old Mare, an away she went—real smart horse,—trot a mile in *tew hours!*—Well, when we got to Shaw's—half way house—high-draw-licks—dreadful nice place to wash sheep in—Major asked me if I'd take a *Julep*—I tell'd him I reckoned I would, an says he, Daunty, you call for the liquor an I'll hold the horse—for ye see he was a dreadful mean feller,—no I thank ye, says I, I'll take care the mare, *now mind I tell ye!* So we called for the stuff an we drank;—then Shaw looked at me an I looked at Shaw,—and Shaw looked at the Major, and the Major looked at me, an then Shaw looked at *both on us*,—an said the liquor was gone, but it *wasn't paid for*,—and there went fourpence slap *for grog by gauley*. Well, when we got to the Seneca Village, the Major *i duced* me to several of his friends. The first one he brought to my notice was Mr. *Greenblanket*—says he, Daunty, this wan studies all-G-bray—dew tell, says I:—the next was Mr. *Steep-rock*,—says I, Major,—'sposin I take that *green blanket*—put it on *the steep ck*, and lie down,—says he you'd better not—*ying to lie down* you might *s ip up*,—so I didn't *dew it now I tell ye*. Then the Major asked me if I woul n't like to see the galls,—oh! gauley says I,—b ing in your best. Well, in they come one arter another—faces just the *color of punkin pie*—shocking pretty critters. There was Miss Cane-oone, Miss Yagctio-che-taw,—Miss Twenty-Canoes, an a hull corn basket ful more on 'em. Well, I went up to Miss *Twenty-can es* to give her a buss and, by gauley, if she didn't let me have the flat side of her hand, aside o' my head, *then it tarnt no matter*—an down I went on the floor:—my skull rung lik- a n bell. Just as I got up there was the Major drunk on a *cheer*, an I was left in a pretty pickle for a stranger;—says I, I want to *git out!* well, says they, here's Mr. Two-guns will show you the way, so you can *go to hum*—and mind your own business. Well, says I, Mr. Two-guns, if you'll lend me one of your guns, I guess I'll go long:—he said he would, an he did,—so I went along, an when we got to the half-way house I asked him if he'd take some *black strap*,—he said he would an he did. Now what *dew* you think that man taxed me?—why ninepence, for tew glasses!—you can get *a hull pint on it* in our town for fourpence happenny, and *pay the hull in Taters!*

NAPOLEONIDÆ.

The names of the extinct Napoleon Dynasty orm an Acrostic singularly predicting that all these great names should come to "*nothing*."

N-apoleon..... Emperor of the French.
I-osaph..... King of Spain.
H-ieronymus King of Westphalia.
J-oachim..... King of Naples.
L-ouis..... King of Holland.

And a dissection of the compound Greek word "Napoleon," gives the following singular result:—

Napoleon ..... The Lion of the Wood,
apoleon ..... The Destroyer
poleon ..... of Cities;
oleon ..... The desolating
leon ..... Lion
eon ..... now existent.

This was put together in 1813.

For making a rail road between Baltimore and Washington, has passed the Senate of Maryland unanimously.

MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

We have before us a well executed steel Engraving of this general favorite, and highly talented young lady. It is not in the burine's power to convey her greatest charm—her beauty of expression, but all that the engraver could do has been done—and we deem it the best likeness of her which we have yet seen—at least, it is one which conveys a better idea of her face—united with manner and appearance—than those which bear a stronger resemblance to some one particular feature. It has no name but that of the lady herself, tho' it is evidently copied from a full length portrait of her as Euphrasia in the Grecian Daughter, and Messrs. Peabody & Co., the spirited publishers, have appended to it with much gallantry, a quotation from the Lady's own play of "Francis 1st."

"Had a limner's hand
"Traced such a heavenly brow, and such a lip
"I would have sworn the knave had dreamt it all
"In some fair vision of some fairer world:
"See how she stands all shrined in loveliness;
"Her white hands clasped."

We know many in this city, whose devoted enthusiasm for the fair original, will instantly prompt them to the possession of so admirable a copy, and as they gaze on the well known lineaments will envy Prometheus his power to impart life to the form they love to gaze on. An extensive circulation is certain.

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

George Dearborn, of John street, has published a very elegant edition of Boswell's Johnson, edited by John Wilson Croker. In all matters connected with Mr. Dearborn—in printing, binding, and indeed in its whole process of "getting up" it is unexceptionably beautiful. The Work is in two large octavo volumes, and contains authenticated portraits of the great Lexicographer himself, of his somewhat fulsome biographer, and of the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi. It contains all the entertaining work of Boswell, together with the Doctor's satirical Dairy of his Northern Tour. Vast additions have been made to the first great fund of instruction and amusement, by the talented editor from most undoubted sources, and copious notes have been appended to illustrate various subjects which time was fast driving into obscurity if not oblivion. We cordially recommend it to every class of readers as the very best edition of this very entertaining work yet published.

BANDITTI AND ROBBERS.

Messrs. J. & J. Harper have issued from their prolific press, Mr. McFarlane's work on "the Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers," in 2 volumes. These really interesting books have been so largely quoted through the English papers before they were published in this city, that there scarcely remains any thing to be said of this whole collection of exciting Biographies, except that those who have read the extracts with delight, will be doubly gratified with the perusal of the complete work, since it is scarcely possible to select a very prominent part where all is so truly interesting. The collection embraces not only the lives of Italian Banditti, but those of the Pindarries of India and the Bucaniers of America. The style is easy and flowing, and the delineations of character graphic and vivid. There are none among us but who at one time or other have felt our hearts stir within us at the recital of the daring deeds of robbers from our old friend "Robin Hood" to our yesterday's acquaintance, Mazzaroni. The leading peculiarity of the work is, that Mr. McFarlane has not presented us with an array of holiday Brigands,—or puny sentimentalists masquerading it in robber costumes;—his [illegible] from life, not fiction,—and he has their guilt in all its naked horrors. There are few such traits of character as the following, for there are few such superfine rascals as Marco Sciarra, the terror of Italy, in 1588.

"It was about this time that the robber-chief's life was ornamented with its brightest episode. Marco and his merry men had come suddenly on a company of travellers on the road between Rome and Naples. The robbers had begun to plunder, and had cut the saddle-girths of the mules and horses of the travellers, who had speedily obeyed the robbers' order, and lay flat on the earth, all save one, a man of striking and elegant appearance.

"'Faccia in terra!' cried several of the robbers in the same breath, but the bold man, heedless of their menaces, only stepped up to Marco their chief, and said, 'I am Torquato Tasso.' 'The poet!' said the robber, and he dropped on his knee, and kissed his hand, and not only was Tasso saved from being plundered by the mere mention of his name, but all those who were travelling with him were permitted to mount their horses and continue their journey without sustaining the loss of a single scudo."

This is a rare instance of fact corroborating fancy, or of our finding the Brigand of real life assimulating with the robbers of our early imaginations. Far more general are such deeds as these,—occurring as recently as the year 1817, and related of Don Ciro,—the Priest Robber, perhaps one of the most bloodthirsty even in this crimson catalogue of human butchers.

"The most horrid crime perpetrated by the priest Don Ciro was under this disguise of the national buffoon. There was a beautiful woman in a remote village, of whom he had become passionately enamoured (after his fashion,) but whom neither his presents, his promises, nor his threats could seduce. It was carnival time, and on a certain evening, she and her relations and friends were enjoying the pleasures of a dance and a feast. Don Ciro and several of his more desperate adherents came to the house disguised as Punchinellos. At that season of madness every house, where an entertainment is going on, is open, and as all the neighborhood are masking and mumming, it is of course not easy, nor is it attempted, to distinguish who the thronging guests may be. Don Ciro proved himself an acceptable one by bringing a plentiful supply of excellent wine, in which he and his comrades pledged the company, and drank *brandists*, or rhymed toasts, of admirable facetiousness.

"At what he considered an opportune moment, he quitted his punchinello squeak, resumed his natural voice, made himself known to the woman, and again pleaded his passion. The poor creature was as averse as ever. He then rose, beckoned to his companions, and wishing the festivity party good night, left the house, which, in half an hour, was wrapped in flames. And so well laid were the robber's mathes, and so drunk and stupified the revelling peasants, whose wine had been drugged, that they all perished in the conflagration. Don Ciro himself, when in prison, and in the power of General Church, from which he knew there was no escape, related this atrocious exploit, nor did the near prospect of death induce him to make a single expression of remorse. He dwelt on the beauty of his victim, and his still existing mortification at his not having obtained her love, boasting that he had not often been disappointed."

We entertain no kind of doubt that all who read, will find much entertainment in these volumes. The brevity of each biography is an excellent trait in a work to be read around the winter's fire.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.—The Albany Argus mentions that 254 petitions, containing 25,000 signatures, from 47 counties, have been presented to the Assembly for the repeal of the law abolishing imprisonment for debt; and that ten remonstrances, from seven counties, and containing 658 signatures, have also been presented.

The steam boats towards New York and Baltimore have commenced running—we hope for the season.

STRIKING ARGUMENT.—A writer in the N— Bedford Gazette says he was *forcibly struck*, as pedestrianing one dark night with the inmate utility of a lamp post, having no lamp thereon.

BASSIANA.—As Bass and his friend, a temperance advocate, were coming up town this morning, the latter observed that he had forgotten his *optics*, and must return and get them. Bass replied, "A sad *spectacle*, truly, a member of a temperance society, and can't do without his *glasses*."

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—A young man named Blake, of Worcester, (Mass.) son of the late Francis Blake, attempted to commit suicide in that town last week. He applied a loaded pistol to his mouth and discharged it. He was alive on Saturday, but was not expected to survive

FIRE.—The Woollen manufacturing establishment in Oxford, Mass. belonging to the Denney Manufacturing Company, we regret to learn, was destroyed by fire on Thursday last. We understand that $28,000 was insured at the National Insurance company in Boston.

CANAL TOLLS.—The aggregate amount of the tolls on all the canals in this state, the past year, according to the report of the Commissioners of the Canal Fund, is as follows:

Erie Canal,	$1,0-5,613 28
Champlain Canal,	110,491 95
Oswego Canal,	19,686 20
Cayuga and Seneca Canal,	13,293 04
Total,	$1,329,483 04

The increase since 1831, is $5,681 49.

From the Charleston Evening Post, of 5th inst.

A CHALLENGE FOR $10,000.—The friends of Julia, by Bertrand, dam. Transport, by Virginius, full brother to Bertrand, jr. now the property of Col. James C. Richardson, propose to run her against any horse in the United States, four mile heats, on the Washington Course, on the Monday preceding the next regular South Carolina Jockey Club races, in Feb. next, for the above sum of $10,000. The rules of the said Club to govern the race, and the Judges of the Club to decide the same. Julia is now three and will run as four year old. This challenge to be accepted, and the horse named by letter to John B. Irving, Esq. in Charleston, on or before the first day June next, and the stakes to be deposited with the Treasurer of the Club, on Saturday preceding the race. Half forfeit.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—Capt. Jacob Brown, of Kennebunkport, on the 9th inst while attempting to clear the ice from the schr. Washington, (of which he was owner, lying at one of the wharves, was jammed in a shocking manner between the schooner and the wharf, and was probably instantly deprived of life. He was found lifeless about three o'clock in the afternoon, several of his ribs broken and otherwise mangled. Capt. B. was about 55 years of age—was a very industrious man, and has left a wife and one child to mourn his sudden and melancholy departure.

We understand that the Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. Rector of Grace Church, was on Sunday unanimously elected Rector of Trinity Church in this city, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the election of the Rev. Mr. Doane to the Bishopric of New Jersey.—*Globe.*

MUTUAL MISTAKE.

A few days ago, a gentleman and an Hibernian were riding together on the top of the Newark and Grantham coach, when the former missing his handkerchief, very rashly charged his fellow traveller, with having stolen it, but soon finding it again, he had the good manners to beg pardon for the affront, saying it was a mistake; to which the honest Pat replied with the greatest readiness—"Arrah my jewel, then it was a mutual *mistake*, you took me for a *thief*, and I took you for a *gentleman*."—*London Paper.*

Anecdote of the Bishop Beauvais.—In one of the engagements between Richard and Philip, the Bishop of Beauvais was taken prisoner; he was found by the side of Philip, with his helmet on his head and lance in his hand; and in the course of the battle had made great carnage among the English. Richard treated him harshly, and locked him up in a fortified tower. He wrote a bitter complaint to the Pope that a churchman should be so [illegible] and [illegible] for the turbulence of war, the mitre for the casque, the pastoral crook for the lance, the cup for the cuirass, the ring for the sword, and you write me word that evil has befallen you. I am not astonished; you sought—well! you have found; you struck, and lo! you are stricken in your turn; however, I shall write to Richard to ask your deliverance." At the great battle of Bouvines, the sainted bishop was again in arms, and distinguished himself greatly by his marvellous prowess. The venerable prelate fought with a massive club, for he had a scruple of conscience in taking life away by an effusion of blood. The chance of the fight brought him in contact with the Earl of Salisbury, upon whom he fell with his club, and quickly brought him to the earth. The bishop had by him a "chatelain," the Sire de Nivelle. "John de Nivelle," said he, "drag this Salisbury along for me; say it was thou that struck him, for I am doing unlawful work. I should not change my staff for this club." Saying these words, he went forward gaily upon the English, knocking them down with his club, right and left.

A BAD HUSBAND.

Isaac Hewlett, was complained of by his better half, for the abuse he inflicted upon her. Habitually addicted to the intemperate use of ardent spirits as also of intemperate words, he came to his now unhappy home, commenced the abuse of his amiable wife, applied to her a number of very indelicate epithets, and was very violent and outrageous towards her. Previous to this he had utterly refused to maintain and support her—had sold her furniture, applying the proceeds to his own use, and compelled her to take the house in which she lived and pay the rent herself. All she wished was, that he would discontinue his visits and annoyance, and permit her in peace to support herself. For this purpose he was held to bail to keep the peace, and for want of which he was committed.—*Standard.*

REV. E. K. AVERY.

We are informed by a gentleman who was present at Newport, when the Rev. Mr. Avery was arraigned, that his demeanor was firm and manly. He held up his right hand, and pleaded not guilty, with a countenance unblanched and unmoved. The deep emotion which he must have experienced, was betokened only by the profuse perspiration which sought every pore in his face. The Newport correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, says: "The impression seems to have been generally produced, that he is either an innocent man, or that, innocent or guilty, he possesses a degree of fortitude and self-control, which few can boast of."

TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a poor wight, who left the city on the 28th ult. for Washington, to see the Inauguration, dated Congress Hall, Philadelphia, Sunday, March 3; "I am here, after the coldest and roughest journey, so far, I ever experienced. It commenced snowing and blowing on Thursday soon after we left Newport, and in the night it was impossible for the boat to proceed—it was accordingly anchored; with the anchors, and keeping the engine in motion it was just possible to hold on; we lay rolling about until the next day at noon, when we proceeded, and anchored again at dark, three miles from Burlgate. Started again next morning, and reached New York just in time to hail the Philadelphia boat which had started—we got on board in the harbor, so that I did not land at New York at all. When we got on the Camden and Amboy railroad, it was then snowing and blowing, so that they could not keep the road clear, and we travelled all day at the rate of two or three miles an hour, and sometimes stopping an hour to shovel snow. At Sand Hills the railroad cars got entirely stopped, and we bundled off for Trenton on sleighs, sleds, and every kind of open vehicle. Arrived at Trenton at 9 o'clock in the evening, got something to eat for the first time—and then procured private conveyance for Philadelphia and arrived here at 3 o'clock this morning, having rode in an open sleigh sitting on my trunk nearly all the coldest night I ever experienced. I start tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock for Baltimore, by way of Port Deposit, and hope to accomplish the journey in two days, arriving at Washington on Wednesday. This is travelling for pleasure."—*Post.*

MY STOCKINGS.

A nobler theme let others chuse;
Fit subject for my humble muse
Are ye, whom night, and day, I use—
My Stockings.

Nor heed I what the critics say,
Nor blush I while to ye I pay,
The scanty tribute of a lay—
My Stockings.

At least a grateful line I owe,
For well your services I know,
Ye serve me e'en "from top to toe."
My Stockings.

Soon as Aurora paints the skies,
(Ere from my sluggard couch I rise)
For ye I raise my earliest cries—
My Stockings.

The live-long day around my thigh
Ye cling; and seldom turn awry:
With me ye trudge through wet and dry—
My Stockings.

But liberty is dear to all,
And oft about my heels they fall,
Then to their duty I recall—
My Stockings.

At eve my daily work I sparn,
And to the public-house adjourn:
Then, with what heart-felt joy I turn—
My Stockings.

At night, one serves to stop a gap
I' thy wall. I sink in Somnus' lap,
And t'other serves me for a cap—
My Stockings.

Full oft I find my old friends lag,
Even in the lending of a rag;
What me I then for pudding-bag?
My Stockings.

Let none their various deeds decry,
For ever as the week goes by
They're washed, and then—I hang to dry—
My Stockings.

From the Cabinet of 1823.

THE MERRY FRIAR.

"I am a friar of orders grey."—*Song.*

On one of those warm evenings of July, when indolence reigns triumphant alike over the sunburnt laborer and the lord for whom he tills and toils, a sleek, though humble son of the church (one of the class denominated mendicant friars, who, in the olden time had a "roving commission" to fight in the good cause of the stablished faith,) was solacing himself in the agreeable shade of a wide spreading elm, which extended its projecting branches over a most inviting nook of green turf, beside which trickled a tiny rivulet; this worthy priesterrant, I say, was solacing himself with cheese of ewe's milk and a dry crust from his scrip, when a young knight, unattended, came slowly winding through the green lane upon his steed; both, in truth, appearing travelling weary.

"Good even to thee, father," said the knight, courteously accosting the friar.

"Good *knight*,—good *even*,"—replied the other.

"By'r lady!—father, thou hast chosen a cool retreat."

"And yet 'tis a marvel, sir knight, that thou should'st admire that which thy valor should scorn."

"How!—what should my valor scorn?"

"Marry, sir knight, a *retreat* to be sure," said the friar; "for a verity you of the sword and buckler notoriously prefer the use of your arms to your legs; while we, the servants of the church, have (like scolds) only our tongue for our weapons."

"Beshrew me, sir friar, but thou art a wag," cried the knight, "and I'll have a word with thee."

"Nay, I pray thee, valiant, have no words with me," replied the friar, "for I'm inclined to no quarrel; I am a preacher of peace, who am right glad to win a little piece for my preaching."

"A quarrel!—by my knighthood, I'm more inclined to rest and good fellowship, holy friar."

"And by my monkhood! so am I! and yet who shall look upon us twain and aver we are not hostile?" said the friar; "the merest clown, that has no more brains in his costard than my walkingstaff, regarding thy casque and my shaven crown, would, in his obtuse perception, proclaim a difference between us: and what's a difference but a quarrel?"

"Nay, then, let's fall to, and fair words be our weapons," answered the knight, falling in with his humor; and dismounting, seated himself down by the friar.

"And so," quoth the friar, "and so begins [illegible] engagement." And [illegible] couch thee on this greensward comfortably; and far better is it for thee to be beside me, or even a sane beggar, than beside thyself, for then thou wouldst be mad of a surety."

"By my fay! an' thou be's not as droll a clerk as ever girded up his loins in sackcloth and hemp. But, father, how fits this humor with thy serious vocation?"

"Truly like a light heart and a clear conscience upon a full stomach. Garb him as ye list, a man's still a man. It is my nature to be blithe; and, therefore, do I hold it sinful to sport a mask of gravity. Some who wear a cowl, look upon it as a symbol of *sadness* as well as sanctity; for my part I honestly confess I regard my *cowl* only as a *livelihood!* and yet—" continued the friar, with mock seriousness, placing his palms upon his capacious corporation—"behold how my mirthfulness and good humor runneth to—*waist!* O! it's a sad world we live in, sir knight."

The knight laughed heartily at the jocose conceits of the jolly friar; and almost imperceptibly began to quibble in the same strain; albeit, he preferred rather to provoke the good humored gurtuity of his companion than to hear himself discourse.

"Only to see how wit engendereth wit," cried the friar, "as naturally as beans bear beans, or wolves and churchmen—prey! by St. Mary, sir knight, we are well met, and by thy good we'll part not ere we drink a chirping-cup together. A league hence stands an hostelrie, where I purpose to spend the night and a mark to boot, for beshrew me and there be not as good a flagon of wine to be had there as ever made a dull eye or a light heel."

"Have with thee then," replied the knight, "for I lack refreshment after a hard day's ride; and would fain reach our destination ere nightfall."

"And yet nightfall can have no terrors for thee, in thy time thou must have seen many a *knight fall* even at noon-day!"

"Ay, truly many a brave knight have I seen cast from his seat, who has borne his discomfiture with a grace and equanimity worthy——"

"—" Worthy the *thrown*, naithless," interposed the friar laughing, "with nothing but a cracked *crown* to support his dignity withal! And this is what you men of val r term sport. Heaven save me from such jests, quotha! A doughty knight making another appear foolish, wh refore peradventure the king maketh him a foolish peer, and thus the game runs!"

"Nay, I charge thee———".

"Charge me not, I pray thee, sir knight," quickly retorted the friar. "for lo! I am unarmed; I bear neither arms nor malice, albeit in a sort, I may myself be termed a *buckler*—seeing that I am a priest of Hymen, and licensed to tack together the sexes."

"Go to, friar, I am no match for thee."

"No, by St. Mary! the church allows us no match. The priest tacks, but does not tax himself with a wife. The progeny of mother church are all children by adoption! But, beseech thee, mount, sir knight, and let us jog on; and thanks to thy company that will make the wayfarer's way fairer."

Having, after a short progress, rendered shorter by the pleasantry of the friar, arrived at the aforenamed hostelrie, where the mendicant was instantly recognised and right heartily welcomed; the knight provided his steed with good quarters, and a liberal supply of corn, un armed, and sat down with the friar to the discussion of the promised flagon, which was agreeably accompanied by the corner of a coney pie and the remnant of a delicious pasty, to which a healthy appetite gave unusual relish.

Filling a horn with the sparkling wine, the knight said, "I'll give thee, friar, the Church of England!"

"And I the—*belles!*" replied the friar significantly, quaffing his measure at a single draught; and it was evident enough by the thickness of his speech and the stupid glare of his small gray eyes, that his wit was tottering on the very brink of inebriation.

"I fear me, most delectable friar," said the knight, who was drooping as fast as his boon companion, "that thou art incorrigible. Thou wilt assuredly drop into the embraces of sleep with a jest in thy mouth."

It's all nature—and nature—the force of nature most valiant knight, is irresistible. I confess my errors—my errors; and here's a parallel,—a parallel 'twixt my profession and my confession. My profession is—mendicant; —my confession is *mend I can't!*"

And so saying down rolled the burly friar and the sturdy knight upon the floor of the hostlerie, in the rushes whereof they found a sweet and sound repose.

FANNY KEMBLE.

We experience unfeigned pleasure, says the Philadelphia Gazette, in presenting to the public, the subjoined original effusion, from the pen of Miss *Frances Ann Kemble*. We are sure that the Stanzas will find an admirer in every reader. They seem to us, to possess all that felicitous grace of imagery and expression, for which the productions of Moore are so distinguished.

STANZAS.

When you mournfully rivet your tear-laden eyes,
That have seen the last sunset of Hope pass away,
On some bright orb, that seems, through the still sapphire skies,
In beauty and splendor, to roll on its way:

Oh remember, this earth, if beheld from afar,
Would seem wrapt in a halo as clear and as bright
As the pure silver radiance enshrining you star,
Where your spirit is eagerly soaring to-night.

And at this very moment, perhaps some poor heart,
That is aching and breaking in that distant sphere,
Gazes down on this dark world, and longs to depart
From its own dismal home to a brighter one here.

The watch in their explorations discovered in a cellar where manure was kept, nine persons huddled together in a heap, enjoying *sweet* repose. They entered the pleasant dominions of the vagrant tribe, and brought out Henry Hollenbank, John G. Gantz, John Berry, James Roberts, Joseph Johnson, William Baker, James Flinn, Abraham Miller, and Abraham Brower, who soon found a change of lodging not quite so soft or sweet perhaps, but which they were compelled to accept in place of the desirable retreat they had left. In the morning this lot of vagrants, having no home or means of support, were sentenced each to four months imprisonment in the Penitentiary.—*Courier.*

From the Orleans Telegraph.

INFORMATION WANTED.

"*Murder will out.*"—The bones of a man have recently been discovered buried under the floor of a house in Baham, London district, U. C. which have been satisfactorily indentified as those of a pedlar who put up at a tavern over night in that place, between three and four years ago, by the name of Osmer, (christian name not known) and who suddenly disappeared. The son of the landlord with whom he stopped, has testified on oath, that he confidently believes the bones found to be those of the said pedlar. One other man concurred in the same testimony. They recognize to their satisfaction, the skull as his, from its being uncommonly large, and the fact of his having a very large head; and also from the recollection of noticing particularly, while he was singing, the evening he was at said tavern, his front teeth, which were broad, with considerable space between, precisely like those found in the skull. They say he was a first rate singer of songs—had a dog with him; that the dog, as testified to by other witnesses, for some time after he was missing, would hang about the house where the bones were found, and wherever an opportunity offered, would rush in and furiously commenced scratching the floor directly over them. Three persons are strongly suspected of his murder, but have not yet been arrested. The pedlar was a young man—of mulling size—had on when at the tavern, a dark snuff-colored round about with oval metal buttons—had a considerable sum of money with him—manifested a desire to buy a farm—said he could pay for it down—was from the States.

The object of stating these particulars is, to aid if possible, by giving, and thereby eliciting, such information as will lead to the identity of both the murdered and those who were guilty of his blood. We have these facts from an intelligent gentleman from Canada, who saw the bones, which are carefully preserved.

Any facts relative to the man, of the name and description above mentioned, who has been missing, which may be communicated to the Editor of this paper, shall be promptly forwarded to the Magistrate before whom the examination of witnesses has been had.

☞ Editors who will notice this subject, may thereby aid the cause of justice and humanity.

"A VOTARY OF HIGH-MEN."

At the altar of Hymen you see a little dumpy deformed lady, about to be linked in unequal wedlock to an infamous coxcomb of life. When his lord-ship was engaged at the Old Baily, a man was convicted of highway robbery, whom the judge remembered to have been one of his old companions. Moved by curiosity, Holt thinking the fellow did not know him, asked, what had become of one of his old associates. The culprit, making a low bow, and touching a deep sigh, replied, "Ah my Lord, they are all hanged but your Lordship and I."

Turning Wool into Fur. The wool-growers of Podolia and the Ukraine, and also in the Asiatic province of Astracan, have a peculiar method of turning wool into fur. The lamb, after a fortnight's growth, is taken from the ewe, nourished with milk and the best herbage and wrapt up as tight as possible in a linen covering, which is daily moistened with warm water, and is occasionally enlarged as the animal increases in size. In this manner, the wool becomes soft and curly, and is by degrees changed into shining locks. This is the kind of fur which passes under the name of Astracan, and is considered on the Continent as the most genteel lining for winter cloaks. Similar trials with German sheep have been attended with the same success. The Saxon breed of sheep have, within the last ten years, superseded the merinos, and their wool is of superior quality.

COMICALITIES AND ANECDOTES.

NEW SPECIES OF HORSE.—The *Macclesfield Courier* says, "a few days ago a horse of the *cart kind* was stolen from a field in Heaton Norris."

When the great Bently, afterwards so distinguished, was examined for deacon's orders, he expected that the Bishop would himself examine him; and his displeasure at what he considered neglect, he vented in such answers as the following:—

Chaplain.	Quod est fides?
Bently.	Quod non video.
C.	Quid est spes?
B.	Quod non habeo.
C.	Quid est charitas?
B.	Maxima raritas.

This is said to have been enough to satisfy the Chaplain who took the rhymer to the Bishop.

When Peter the Great had brought the Swedish war to a conclusion, he entertained a design of availing himself of the troubles of Persia to march against the Sophi. This intention he disclosed to none but the Empress and Menzikoff, under strict injunctions of secrecy. A few days after, to his great surprise, he overheard one of his Chamberlains saying to a companion "We are going to march against the Persians." Peter instantly summoned the man, and, insisted on knowing his informant. "Sire," said the trembling domestic, "I had it from the Empress's parrot; I heard it yesterday, while in the antechamber, repeat several times, "*Et Persi padimus.*" ("We will march into Persia.") The Czar of course took care that so indiscreet a witness should no longer be the inmate of his private apartments.

Irish taking.—The knowledge that his wake will be well attended, and the guests well provided for, comforts the Irishman even in the hour of death! A few days ago, one Mr. Paddy O'Lynch, of St. Giles's having had the "misfortin" to fall from a scaffold, whereby his back was broken, and all hope of life disported of, gave his wife the money to provide his wake candles with, articles of much importance on such an occasion. She bought three pounds of fine moulds. Paddy's race was almost run—a smile for a moment played upon his pallid countenance as he saw and admired them.—"By Jasus! Honey," he said, "they'd do to wake an Emperor!" Again he smiled; then groaned; —then died!

An Extraordinary Way.—The gaping curiosity and credulity of John Bull is well exemplified in an instance related by Sir W. Scott. A humorist planting himself in an attitude of astonishment, with his eyes rivited on the Lion that surmounts the gateway of Northumberland House, soon attracted the attention of the lyes-standers by muttering "By heaven, it wags—it wags again!" and contrived in a few minutes to blockade the whole street with an immense crowd, numbers of whom were soon brought to conceive that they had actually seen the Lion of the Percies wag his tail.

A TIT BIT.

During the blockade of Paris, by Henri Quatre, in 1590, the Duchess of Montpensier (sister of the Guises, and the great heroine of the League) was offered golden chains and rings to the value of 2,000 crowns for her dog. She refused, saying, "She would reserve it for her own eating when her private store of provisions was consumed."

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT ON A RATTLE-SNAKE.

The following curious facts respecting the rattle-snake, are from a letter of Judge Samuel Woodruff to Professor Silliman, in the last number of the American Journal of Science.

Some time in the month of August, I went with Mr. T. Kirtland, and Dr. C. Dutton, then residing at Poland, to the Mahoning, for the purpose of shooting deer, at a place where they were in the habit of coming to the river, to feed on the moss attached to the stones in the shoal water.—We took our watch station on an elevated part of the bank, 15 or 20 yards from the edge of the water. About an hour after we commenced our watch, instead of a deer we discovered a rattle-snake, which, as it appeared, had left his den, in the rocks beneath us, and was advancing across a smooth, narrow sand beach towards the water.—Upon hearing our voices, or for some other cause, he stopped, and lay stretched out with his head near the water. It occured to me that an opportunity now offered to try the virtues of the white-ash leaves. Requesting the gentleman to keep, in my absence a watch over our object, I went immediately in search of the leaves, and on a piece of low ground, thirty or forty rods back from the river, I soon found, and by the aid of my hunting knife, procured a small white ash sapling, eight or ten feet in length, and with a view to make the experiment more satisfactory, I cut another sapling of the sugar maple, and with these *wands* returned to the scene of action. In order to cut off a retreat to his den, I approached the snake in his rear.—As soon as I came within about seven or eight feet of him, he quickly threw his body into a coil, elevated his head eight or ten inches, and brandishing his tongue, "gave note of preparation" for combat.

I first presented him the white ash, placing the leaves upon his body. He instantly dropped his head to the ground, unfolded his coil, rolled over upon his back, writhed and twisted his whole body into every form but that of a coil, and appeared to be in great anguish. Satisfied with the trial thus far made, I laid by the white ash. The rattle-snake immediately righted, and placed himself in the same menacing attitude as before described.—I now presented him the sugar maple. He lanced in a moment, striking his head into a tuft of the leaves, "with all the malice of the under fiends," and the next moment coiled and lanced again, darting his whole length at each effort with the swiftness of an arrow. After repeating this several times, I again changed his *fare*, and presented him the white ash. He immediately *downed his peak*, stretched himself on his back in the same manner as at the first application. It was then proposed to try what what effect might be produced upon his temper and courage by a little flogging with the white ash. This was administered. But instead of arousing him to resentment, it only served to increase his troubles. As the flogging grew more severe, the snake frequently struck his head into the sand as far as he could thrust it, seeming desirous to bore his way into the earth and rid himself of his unwelcome visiters.

Being now convinced that the experiment was a satisfactory one, and fairly conducted on both sides, we deemed it unnecessary to take his life after he had contributed so much to gratify our curiosity, and so we took our leave of the rattlesnake, with feelings as friendly at least as those with which we commenced our acquaintance with him, and left him to return at leisure to his den.

CIRCASSIAN FEMALES.

Market at Constantinople.—"The Circassians and Georgians, who form the trade supply, are only victims of custom, willing victims; being brought up by their necessary parents for the merchants. If born Mohammedans, they remain so; if they are born Christian, they are educated in no faith, in order that they may conform when purchased, to the Mussulman faith, and therefore they suffer no sacrifice on that score. They live in a secluded life, harshly treated by their relations, never seeing a stranger's face, and therefore form no ties of friendship or love, preserve no pleasing recollections of home, to make them regret their country. Their destination is constantly before their eyes, painted in glowing colors, and, so far from dreading it, they look for the moment of going to Anapa, or Putz, whence they are shipped for Stamboul, with as much eagerness, as a parlor-boarder of a French or Italian convent for her emancipation. In the market they are lodged in separate apartments, carefully secluded, where in the hours of business, between nine and twelve, they may be visited by aspirants for possessing such beauteous ware. I need not draw a veil over what follows. Decorum prevails. The waltz allows nearly as much liberty to free-hearted of eyes. Of course the merchant gives warranty, on which, and the preceding data, the bargain is closed. Two common price of a tolerable looking maid is about £200. Some fetch hundreds, the value depending as much on accomplishments as on beauty; but such are generally singled out by Kislar Aga. A coarser article [illegible] from Nubia and Abyssinia is exposed publicly on platforms, beneath verandahs, before the cribs of the white china. A more white-toothed, plump-cheeked, merry eyed set I seldom with seed, with a smile and a gibe for every one, and often an audible "Buy me." They are sold easily and without trouble. Ladies are the usual purchasers for domestics. A slight inspection suffices. The girl gets up off the ground, gathers her coarse cloth round her loins, bids her companions adieu, and trips gaily, bare-footed and bar-headed, after her new mistress, who immediately dresses her a la Turque, and hides her ebony with white veils. The price of one is about £16."—*Slade.*

GASTRONOMICAL PRECEPTS.

Whilst many eat to live, there is no inconsiderable numbers who live to eat. The petty and vulgar soul, who merely lives to satisfy the cravings of appetite, and is contented with obtaining *quantum sufficit* to gain that end, regardless whether it be of beef, mutton, or pork, hot or cold, boiled, roasted, stewed or hashed, passes on his career of life in pitiable ignorance of the joys and delights experienced by your true epicure.—Gastronomy, we are happy to say, is daily gaining ground; and, with the march of intellect, spreads the march of good eating and drinking; and we find men who were once foolishly satisfied with plain roast and boiled, rise to the dignity of consulting the belly before any other of the members, and bearing in mind the well-known fable related by Menenius Agripp

NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

WORDS FROM NAPOLEON.

There are storms which are instrumental to the strengthening of a Government in its roots.

The maintenance of the law, in its rules and forms, is the palladium of civil liberty.

The right which is universally acknowledged amongst all nations, is that of scrupulous reciprocity.

Undisciplined bravery has sometimes succeeded on land; but never at sea.

The crimes of children are, in frequent instances, the fruits of the vicious education they have received from their parents.

How deserving are men of the contempt they inspire? Behold you resolute republicans! I have but to gild their vestments, and every one of them be comes my servant.

I found a crown lying upon the ground and stooped to pick it up.

Virtue, like all things else, has its limits. Whoever pretends to travel beyond them is most commonly a hypocrite.

My enemies hold rendezvous around my grave; but let him look to it who is last there.

Of Talleyrand, he said, "Nothing can create less surprise than his wealth. Talleyrand sells those who buy him."

Madame de Stael was fond of putting questions to Napoleon, when first consul. Among other things, she one day took occasion to ask him, "Which is the woman, according to your opinion, who has the best title to be loved and esteemed?" To this Napoleon drily replied, "She who brings her husband most children."

Upon being obliged to punish sixteen cardinals, who had declined to attend the ceremony of his marriage with Maria Louisa, he remarked, "I have committed a great error, by restoring the priesthood with too liberal a hand. I have raised up a power, ambitious of overruling my own, and if I do not clip its wings, it will twist a cord round my neck, and I shall pine away, the most wretched of monarchs, between the fear of hell and popular discontent."

When he returned from Elba, an inhabitant of Lyons was pointed out to him as being a most determined partisan of the Bourbons. He ordered him to be brought forward, and as soon as the terrified Bourbonist made his appearance, thus addressed him: "Fear nothing from me, friend. The man who is faithful to the unfortunate, even though they were my enemies, will ever possess a claim to my respect. Let this be the reward of your generous conduct," added the Emperor, presenting him with the insignia of the Legion of Honor.

The conversation happening, on one occasion, to turn upon Frederick the Great's writings, Napoleon observed, "Kings are not made to be poets, nor poets to be kings. Every cobbler to his last!"

On instituting the Legion of Honor, he vented the following remarks:—"Distinctions are the baubles of kings, and baubles are the leading-strings by which mankind are moved at will. A crown is too heavy a burthen for a weak head, and a sceptre in unskilful hands is always ready to slip out of them. Wars, and the cares which a throne brings, require not merely a good head and a stout heart, but the possession of little feeling. Glory is not to be acquired otherwise than at the expense of painful acts, and even measures which are revolting to humanity." It will be admitted that, in this respect, Napoleon's experience was a tree of knowledge!

HIGHWAY AND BY-WAY.

The celebrated highwayman, Cartouche, once when in great danger of being apprehended, saved himself by taking the dress of a woman; his pretty face and carnation complexion suited the character, and he offered himself to the portress of the abbey of "Notre Dame de bon secours" in Paris, as a servant to the house.—The abbess, who was of the house of Rohan-Cabot, happening to want a servant, and prepossessed by the decency of the pretended damsel, was duped, and a month passed without any discovery when her new servant who had done the business of her place remarkably well, desiring an interview with the abbess, told her she must quit her, thanked her for her kind treatment and expressing herself desirous of making some return, added, "that however strange it may appear, she took a particular interest in the fate of Cartouche the high wayman, who had lately been in jeopardy, but was now safe." Saying this, she laid on the table a letter, which she desired the abbess not to open till she was gone. She went away, and the abbess regarding lightly what she had heard, and suddenly called [illegible] thought not of the [illegible] evening when she opened it, and found it a safe conduct, signed Cartouche, for all the house of Rohan-Chabot.

TENTH WAVE & TENTH EGG.

There is a common affirmation that the tenth wave is the greatest and most dangerous. This is noticed by Sir Thomas Browne, as averred by many writers, and plainly described by Ovid; "which notwithstanding is evidently false," adds Sir Thomas, "nor can it be made out by observation, either upon the shore, or the ocean, as we have with diligence explored both."—Of affinity to the notion of the tenth wave is another, that the tenth egg is bigger than the rest. "For the honor we bear the clergy we cannot but wish this true," says Sir Thomas, "but herein will be found no more verity than the other."

From the Rochester Daily Advertiser of the 7th instant, we extract what is called a thrilling incident. The narrative redounds highly to the honor of the officers and soldiers of the garrison at Fort Niagara.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.—The following interesting account of the rescue of several persons from almost certain destruction, has been furnished us by a friend:

Sometime during last Friday night, a few men in Niagara, U. C. perceived that a boat was in the river adrift. They immediately took another boat and went after it. They soon, with both boats became inextricably fastened in by the ice, which was floating down the river in large quantities. They were carried into the eddy, about half a mile from Fort Niagara. The wind at this time was very high, and the cold excessive; the waves running eight or ten feet high, dashing and jambing the ice with great force.

At 7 o'clock in the morning, it was perceived that these men must inevitably perish, from the severity of the cold, unless speedily delivered from their perilous situation—for they had toiled in endeavoring to effect their way through the ice, until their energies were entirely exhausted, and they were chilled past the free use of their limbs.

At this juncture a boat was despatched from Fort Niagara, with a number of soldiers, to assist them. In a short time, however, it was discovered by those who gazed from the shore with intense anxiety, that this last boat was itself in a more imminently dangerous condition than the other; and the crews of both must, even if the boats were not crushed and sunk by the furious action of the ice, soon freeze to death. For two or three hours, the painfully excited spectators were vainly endeavoring to devise schemes for their deliverance.

Before yielding them up to inevitable death, it was determined to make one more attempt to save them; accordingly some of the officers, soldiers, and citizens, took boards, and, notwithstanding the uncertain support of the dashing ice, laid them from cake to cake, and by having persons stationed along the line, replaced and held the boards in their places. Two complete boat were thus laid, one in each boat, and the lines were thus laid, one in each boat, and the almost frozen crews were lifted out, one by one, and safely conducted to the shore by their magnanimous deliverers.

The boat from the Fort was out three hours. Some of the men were so frozen that they could have existed but a little longer. Some of the intrepid men who went to their rescue, fell in between the ice cakes several times, so that their clothes became like sheets of ice. All, however, were safely landed, much to the relief of the almost agonized spectators. We understand that all the men who were out were more or less frozen.

There were many persons who exerted themselves to the utmost, whose names we have not heard mentioned. Sergeant Robinson may be named as the first and foremost in this almost unparalleled deliverance. It was after 10 o'clock when the last man was landed.

The following account of the destruction by fire of the floating steam saw mill of Messrs. P. Boyer and Co. of this city, we copy from the American.—We are gratified to learn, however, that the injury which Mr. Ely and his son received from the severity of the weather, is much less than was at first anticipated; both being able on Friday to walk across their room.

We regret to learn that the steamboat United States which was recently converted into a floating sawmill, was consumed by fire on the 24 instant, while lying in Wye river, on the eastern shore of this state. The engine drove four mills, running 12 saws and was owned by Messrs. P. Boyer and Co. of Baltimore. The fire was discovered by those on board the boat about three o'clock in the morning and had then made such progress, that the engineers and hands were forced to leap through the windows into the water, and the whole of them, fourteen in number, thus fortunately succeeded in getting on shore, but not without undergoing great suffering from their exposure to the cold. On reaching the shore, Mr. Ely, engineer, his son, Mr. Wadsworth, one of the proprietors, together with one or two others, started out for Mr. W. H. McCourcey's house, about two miles distant, while the remainder awaited their return. The sufferings of Mr. Ely and his companions are said to have been intense. They were very naked, destitute of shoes and stockings, and had to travel through snow six inches deep, exposed at the same time to a piercing wind. On their arrival, Mr. DeCourcey immediately sent for the persons left on the shore, and had them conveyed to his house, where he and his neighbors administered in the kindest manner to their necessities. We learn that Mr. Ely and his son are so much frost bitten that it is apprehended they will lose their feet. The remainder are more or less frostbitten, but it was hoped would speedily recover.

The conduct of Mr. DeCourcey, his family, and neighbors, is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. But for the prompt relief which they administered, the whole must inevitably have perished with cold. The loss of the mill is estimated at between $25,000 and $30,000. There was no insurance.

The Park Theatre.

This House re-opened its frozen-up doors on Monday evening with the promise of Rossini's entire "Barber of Seville"—but the performance broke the "word of promise to the ear,"—for though this beautiful Opera suffered less mutilations than formerly, it was still maimed and disfigured. Many of its most delightful portions were omitted—the least excusable of which was the slow movement in the finale to the 1st Act—and many introductions left, or made, which, however charming in themselves, were unsuited to the style of the "Barber."

Mrs. Austin made her first appearance this season in the Rosina of this Opera, and her voice was, if possible, more sweet than ever. She looked charmingly, as she always does, and sang with exquisite taste, enough to disarm any angry critic; yet we cannot but wish she would compassionate our ignorance, and sing to us the same language she speaks. With a voice so replete with melody, and a skill so excellent, she needs no adventitious aid, and may safely leave the foreign language to the foreign singer.

What would be said to an Othello, who should select speeches from *Schiller*, and deliver them in his *native German*? Mrs. Austin sang through the Opera with a brilliance and sweetness that fully demonstrated the non necessity of an Italian Opera, in order to have good music well sung.

Mr. Reynoldson, of Covent Garden, London, made his first appearance in America, as Figaro, the Barber. His person is good, and his voice, which is a Baritone, flexible and sweet. He is evidently a musician of more than ordinary attainments; and though suffering from indisposition, sang his song "*Largo al factotum*," and some portions of the other music with skill and taste. He was received with warm applause throughout, and will prove a great acquisition to the musical department. Mr. Placide's Bartolo was most excellent, and Mr. Jones' Almaviva made us rejoice that this operatic part was for the first time placed in the hands of a good singer. Cinderella was performed on Tuesday, Der Freischutz on Wednesday, and Cinderella was repeated last night, so that music has been in a flourishing state throughout the week.

On Thursday evening Mr. J. J. Adams took a Benefit here, at the avowed request of a large circle of his friends, who proved their numbers and devotion by crowding the house in all parts. The character chosen for the occasion was Hamlet, and as criticism in these columns under the existing circumstances, would be subject to such invidious remarks, we abstain from offering our own opinion, and report only that of the general auditory. He was received throughout with warm and continued applause by the assembled crowd, whose marked congratulations carried an inference too general to be misunderstood. Miss Clara Fisher was the Ophelia, and no Hamlet need wish for a better. Mr. Rice, who was announced to sing, was found too ill to do so, but the merry crowd having the "Jim Crow" fever strongly upon them, insisted that Mr. Blakeley should sing it in his stead, which he accordingly did, with talent and good humor, prefacing the old stanzas with a new one:—

> Iv'e come here at the request,
> Of the Gentlemen and Madams:
> In hopes to please Eve's children,
> For the Benefit of ADAM's.

Mr. Hill, who has been playing some of his Yankee characters with the success they justly merit, appeared in the "Forest Rose," and finished the evening with mirth, humor, and entire satisfaction.

The Bowery.

The young and enterprising manager of this Establishment determines to disregard the potency of custom, which calls on him to slumber like a Dormouse during this "*Season of Swans*," and will not sit with *closed doors* this Winter, *whether or not!*" Mr. Farren deserves much credit for his tact and perseverance, which have enabled him to keep *open House* all this *hard time*, and claim for him the honor of being—"the pilot that weathered the storm." It would be unjust to the company in their present reduced strength, to be severely critical, but we hope soon to see them in their restored power, and hail their triumphs, but correct their faults.

Miss Hughes and Mr Sinclair are singing *Concerts in concert*, at Rhode Island, trusting to *Providence* for their remuneration.

Master Burke is in Charleston!—he and "Bertrand, Junr." have been running a race for popularity, but tho' the odds were two to one in favor of the Horse, when legs were counted, yet our little favorite distanced him after the first day, for he had continued his *successful run* up to the time of the last intelligence.

Mr. J. R. Scott is acting Napoleon at Boston.

The Italian Company are still in Philadelphia, but their agents have been coquetting with "both your Houses," for their re-appearance here. Are these gentlemen so young that they have yet to learn the adage of the stools?

Signora Pedretti, the Leader of the Vocals, and Rappetti, the Leader of the Instrumentals, took a joint Benefit on Tuesday,—some folks express great surprise at this, but they ought to know it is the custom with *every Stage* to make *their Leaders run together.*

Dreadful accident at the New-Albion Theatre.—On Saturday evening during the performance of the afterpiece, *Raymond and Agnes*, at the New-Albion Theatre, in Windmill street, Haymarket, a dreadful accident occured on the stage to Mrs. Robberds, the wife of the manager. She was playing the part of *Maugerette*, in one scene she has to descend a step-ladder on to the stage; no sooner, however, had she placed one foot on the ladder, it sliped; Mrs. Robberds fell, and was lacerated in a most dreadful manner, by a sharp nail. Several persons from behind the scenes, immediately rushed on the stage, and carried her off, and medical aid was sent for. On examination she was found to be most shockingly injured, and the medical gentleman was unable to give any opinion as to the extent of the injury. She was immediately conveyed home to her lodging on a shutter.—*London Albion.*

DRAMATIC REMUNERATION.

Dr. Arne, in 1763, received for the copyright of his *Artaxerxes* 60 guineas; Shield, for *Rosina*, 1784, 40*l.*; Storace, for the *Siege of Belgrade*, in 1791, 1,000*l.*; Braham, for *The English Fleet*, in 1804, 1,000 guineas.

ORIGIN OF GODWIN'S ST. LEON.

In the year 1567, a stranger suddenly appeared in Venice, and addressing a nobleman on the Rialto, inquired if he wished to view an admirable collection of paintings. He went! and, after admiring them for some time, happened to cast his eyes over the chamber door, where hung a portrait of the stranger. He gazed on it. "This is your portrait, Sir?" said the nobleman. The other signified his assent. "Yet," exclaimed the noble, with surprise, "you look only about fifty! this picture is known to be Titian's hand, who died about 150 years ago. Good God! how strange!—who are you?—is it possible?" "It is not easy to know what is possible or who I am," replied the mysterious stranger, gravely: "it is no crime to resemble Titian's picture." The noble retired, but was haunted with the idea of the stranger. He went next day, and was told that he had taken his depar'ure. It is on this incident, that Mr. Godwin has formed his novel of St. Leon.

LOVE IN THE KITCHEN.

From the "Standard" of Thursday.

BREACH OF PROMISE.—A man of the name Davis was yesterday committed under the statute for the punishment of obtaining goods under false pretences, on a complaint entered by Rose Glancy, who told her story as follows:—Mr. Davis and the fair complainant had been fellow-servants in a large hotel in this city, where they contracted an intimacy which resulted in an offer of marriage on the part of Davis, which was accepted by complainant, and the nuptial day was appointed. When the wished-for time arrived, however, it would seem that the enamoured swain had secretly altered his mind, and was more disposed to possess himself of the lady's cash than her person. He repaired in great haste to his betrothed on the day appointed for the ceremony, and with apparent sorrow informed her that his brother was dangerously ill, at New-Brunswick; desired that the ceremony might be postponed, as he wished to proceed with all speed to visit his brother in his extremity. The unsuspecting fair one not only readily consented to the postponement, but, at the request of her lover, loaded him what money she had by her, amounting to $35. Davis departed on his mission of fraternal affection; and when next heard of by the deserted damsel (which was about nine weeks afterwards), he was found by her in a house in Mulberry street, whispering soft sayings into the ear of another female. Miss Glancy, however, not only forgave him his treachery and inconstancy, but on condition of his forsaken her rival, and returning to his first love, she furnished him with a fresh supply of money, made him a present of a wedding suit, and redeemed a watch, belonging to herself, which he had pawned without her knowledge or consent.—All was now settled, and the happy Rose in the fullness of her joy, gave up her situation at service, in the pleasing anticipation of becoming mistress. The wedding day was again appointed, the company invited, and friends assembled to witness the happy event, when Davis appeared, and borrowed six dollars, to purchase a ring, with which to grace the ceremony. Having obtained the cash he again disappeared, leaving the hapless maid to reflect upon the mutability of man's affections. Conceiving her wrongs to be past endurance, Miss Glancy repaired to the police office and related her story to the magistrate, who immediately sent for the false-hearted swain, and in default of bail committed him to Bridewell, to answer the charge under the abovementioned statute.

Overpowering Emotion—An accident of considerable interest occurred in the Circuit Court on Monday, which for a time interrupted the current of its proceedings. A Mrs. Mary Ann Timpson, wife of Thomas S. Timpson, had been regularly subpœnaed as a witness by the plaintiff, Mr. Trust, in a suit he had commenced against John H. Mabbit, for bringing into his, Trust's dancing academy in February last, the above named female as a pupil, then single, whom as is alleged he passed as his niece, under the name of Miss Thompson. The fact assumed by the plaintiff was, that there was deception in the name of Miss Thompson, that she was not the niece of Mabbit, and was believed to be of disreputable character, by which several of the pupils of Mr. Trust left his school, and for which injury he brought suit. Miss Thompson is since respectably married, and being subpœnaed as above stated, refused to attend as a witness. In consequence of this, an affidavit was made by the plaintiff, that she was an important witness, and an order issued from the court for her to appear and show cause why an attachment should not issue against her for non attendance. After service of this order, she appeared in court with her husband, and having answered the interrogatories propounded to her, was about to enter into recognizance in the sum of 200 with her husband, for her appearance at the next term of the court, on the first Tuesday of April next. As she was about to sign the recognizance, oppressed by her feelings, and overpowered by her emotions, and the pride of character overcoming her physical strength, she fainted and fell on the floor, and remained a considerable time insensible to surrounding objects. The effect was electrical on the feelings of those present, and her husband having executed the recognizance, she was taken out of court in a state of disability; the victim for a time of those emotions which produced by that pride of character, for which the sex is so justly sensitive.

Married,

Here the girls and here the widow
Always cast their earliest glance,
With a smileless face, consider
If they, too, wou'd stand a chance
To make some clever fellow double
In bliss, and often too in—trouble.

On Wednesday evening, 27th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, Mr. J. H. Waterhouse, of the firm of Waterhouse & Hill, to Miss Eliza Ann Ams.

On Friday evening, by the Rev. A. Maclay, Mr. Josiah C. Woodford to Miss Susan Terry.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Green, John Lott, jr. Esq. to Deborah Story, all of Brooklyn, L. I.

At Washington City, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pattrey, Mr. John King, of New York, to Mrs. Sarah S. Brannan, of the former place.

On Wednesday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. J. Bracford, to Miss Catharine J. Tallman.

In Brooklyn, L. I. on the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Green, Mr. Edward Duvall to Miss Mary Reedyard, both of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. McAuley, Mr. John Dewn to Miss Mary A. Wilcox.

At Greenwich, Conn. on the 26th ultimo Madison Holmes, of New York, to Miss Lucy H., daughter of Joseph Ferris, of the former place.

On the 17th ult. at Savannah, Henry P. Cooke, of New York, to Miss Harriet Mollryne, of Savannah

Died,

On Saturday, 9th inst, Gertrude Livingston, wife of Maj Gen. Morgan Lewis, in the 76th year of her age.

On Sunday afternoon, Ellen, wife of Alexander Charters, aged 26 years.

On Thursday afternoon, after a short illness, Mrs. Ann Warren in the 75th year of her age.

On Sunday evening, Mr. Louis Doyle, builder, aged 56 years.

On Sunday, of consumption, Mrs. Mary, wife of Hugh Cochran.

NOTICE.—The Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of HUNT & ADAMS, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 9th inst. All persons indebted to them on account of the Traveller and Times are requested to make immediate payment to CHARLES J. B. FISHER, and all demands against them will be adjusted by calling on the undersigned at this Office. HUNT & ADAMS.
March 16

FANCY DRESS BALL.
J. W. TRUST announces to his friends and the public, that his next inimitable characteristic Dress Ball will take place at the City Saloon, Mettle Building, 248 Broadway, on Thursday Evening next. Tickets to admit two Ladies and one Gentleman $1, may be had at the Refectory of the Saloon, or of Mr. T. Mch 16

STINEMETS & ROLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York.
N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

A CARD.
JAMES M'CARTHY MURPHY, Merchant Tailor, 233 Broadway, most respectfully returns thanks to the gentlemen of New York, and to the public in general for the very liberal patronage which they have bestowed upon him since his arrival amongst them, and begs to announce that he has removed from his late residence, 66 Chamber street to 233 Broadway, (next door to the American Hotel,) where he has fitted up at great expense, an establishment upon a most splendid scale, and is determined that nothing shall be wanting on his part to merit a continuance of past favors. His stock of cloths is selected with the greatest care from the best manufactories in the West of England. A choice variety of Cassimeres, Toilonets, Valentias, and fancy silks of the newest patterns always on hand. The subscriber pledges himself that for fashionable style of fitting and good workmanship he is not to be surpassed either in Europe or America.
JAS. M'CARTHY MURPHY,
March 9 Merchant Tailor.

LONDON HAIR CUTTING.
G. WADE of 4 1-2 Wall street, having devoted his time to the art of Hair Cutting, for the last ten years, flatters himself, that if the Gentlemen of New York will favor him with a trial of his abilities, it will merit a continuance of their favors.
Agent for Gallia's celebrated Dye Powder, by using which, red or Grey Hair is changed to a permanent black. March 9

TO LET,
The upper part of a genteel and very convenient house in Roosvelt street, between Chatham and Madison streets. The premises consist of 3 rooms and a kitchen, &c. Rent, to a good tenant with a small family, $225. Apply to
T. BUSSING,
Feb 16 70 1-2 William street.

VOSE'S NEW ASTRONOMY.—A Compendium of Astronomy, intended to simplify and illustrate the principles of the Science, and give a concise view of the manners and aspects of the Great Heavenly Luminaries, with eight plates, and questions at the close of the chapters and sections, intended to aid the teacher, and not to prevent his own—the questions inserted are important in reviews. Adapted to the use of common schools, as well as higher seminaries. By John Vose, A. M., author of a larger work on Astronomy.

Extracts from the Preface.

"Every enlightened citizen and well wisher to the rising generation, must perceive that the march of improvement requires that the arts and sciences emphatically termed *liberal*, should be introduced into our common schools. Here a large proportion of the community complete their education.

"Among the sciences, Astronomy, most happily adapted to enlarge and elevate the mind, must hold a distinguished place when its importance, as the foundation of other arts and sciences, and the grandeur of the objects brought into view are considered, it must be wonderful that it has not been more generally introduced. In the following compendium of astronomy, it has been the aim of the author to render the principles of the science so simple, that they may be easily understood; not only by the scholar who spends a few weeks at the academy, but by him whose means and views do not carry him beyond the common school."

This day published by CARTER HENDEE & CO., School Book Publishers, Boston, and for sale by the principal Booksellers in New York. Feb 23

TAMMANY HALL,
Opposite the City Hall, New York.

THIS Establishment has been moved up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.

Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.

The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, Per week. $2,00, 3 nights, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

THE EMIGRANT.
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER, containing a general, complete and comprehensive view of all the *local* and *domestic* intelligence of ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND and WALES; together with a compendium of the political and Parliamentary news of Great Britain—Sporting Intelligence—Bankruptcies—Marriages—Deaths, &c. &c. This paper being free from party spirit and political violence, and containing such a mass of news which is interesting to all, is admirably adapted for persons from the old country. It is published every Wednesday at the low price of *Three Dollars* per annum, payable in advance, at the Office of the Albion, No. 76 Cedar street, New York.

*** As the *Emigrant* has an extensive circulation among persons from the old country, it is an excellent paper for land and other advertisements having reference to them. The charges for advertising are very moderate. Feb 23

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AT BELLEVILLE New Jersey.—The system of instruction pursued at this Seminary, embraces a thorough course of English and Classical reading, with the different branches of the sciences, requisite to the attainment of a liberal and finished education.

While the most rigid attention will be devoted to the inculcation of correct habits, both mental and personal, it will also be the earnest aim of the Principals, both by precept and example, to promote in their pupils the knowledge and practice of their duties, moral, social, and religious.

It is believed that few places are better adapted for a respectable boarding school, than the village of Belleville. Situated on the banks of the Passaic, about 9 miles from the city of New York, containing a number of families of the first respectability, and possessing three places of worship; of the Episcopal, Reformed Dutch, and Methodist denominations, it combines the several advantantages of public worship, social intercourse of a high character, and a situation uncommonly picturesque and salubrious.

JOHN P. LATHROP, } Principals.
MARIA M. LATHROP, }
REFERENCES

In New York—Rt. Rev. Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D.; Rev. John M. Wainwright, D. D.; Rev. Henry Anthon, D. D.; Nathaniel F. Moore, L. L. D. Professor of Languages in Columbia College; Phillip Hone, Esq.; Stephen Cambreleng, Esq.

In Belleville—Rev Gris ayus Atwell; Anthony Rutgers, Esq.; James L. Morris, Esq.; S. L. Ward, M. D.; Lt. George C. Whistler, U. S. Engineers.

TERMS

Board and Tuition in the English branches, $45, per quarter; Latin and Greek Languages, each $5, do.; Drawing, Painting, and the different kinds of fancy Needlework, each 5$, do.; Use of Piano forte, $5, do.; French Language, Music, and Dancing, at the prices charged by the teachers of those branches, respectively. Each scholar will provide her own bed and bedding.

DAY SCHOLARS.—English branches, full course, $10; Languages and ornamental branches, same as above; Fuel for the season, $2. 12 weeks constitute a quarter, and no deduction will be made, except for protracted sickness.

There will be a vacation of 4 weeks in the month of August; and should any pupil remain at the Institute during that time, an additional charge of $2 50 per week, will be made.

No pupil will be permitted to leave, without at least 6 weeks notice. Payment, in all cases, must be made in advance. Feb 16

MATCH FIGURES.—Just received at the New York Pearl store, 167 Broadway, a splendid assortment of Match Figures, together with a quantity of Picture Alphabets, a new article, for Children. Also a lot of plain Pearl slides, wholesale and retail. Feb 9

LINE OF OMNIBUSES
From Tontine street to Wall street.
ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line of Stages, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful light carriage "Tom Thumb," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for the work. The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.

N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets unredeemed and of course a dead loss. He does therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

FISHING AND FOWLING TACKLE STORE
wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 112, Maiden lane, near Broadway N York
Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemplines; hackles, ash, hazel and Bamboo Rods, either salted or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing; single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks of every description, Sea, brass and steel; Swivel Leads; Bait Needles; Dressed and Bait Flies, & Floats, of all sizes. Also, single and double barr-lled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple wrenches and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights. Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. dec 12

DR. DE GOURGUES PATENT SPECIFIC.
This medicine has been used with great success as thousands can testify. In all chronic affections whether acute or chronic, its decided superiority by affording almost immediate relief has been successfully tested. For the following complaints it will be found very efficacious, viz: Quinsey sore throat, Hives in children, Pain in the back and Sciatics, Bruises and Sprains, Chapped hands, violent contusions, Fresh wounds, Burns and Scalds, Head and Tooth ache, Debility of the system. Prevents the eye from turning black if immediately applied; is excellent for washing the teeth and gums, &c. &c. The specific has been administered with surprising success, in cases of flatulency, pain in the stomach, bowels, dysentery, &c.

The most inveterate Piles has been thoroughly cured by it. A Fistula, which in most cases proves fatal, yielded to the specific. The above medicine is held in such high estimation by many families that they are unwilling to be without it a moment.

Prepared and sold until further notice, ONLY at the south east corner of the Bowery and 8th street, 2 corner above Vauxhall Garden.

The public are cautioned against the counterfeit De Gourgue's Specific, having discovered an attempt to deceive the public by personating them to purchase a counterfeit medicine. No person except the proprietor in the city of New York is authorized to vend De Gourgue's Specific, and it can be obtained at no other place than the above, where it is prepared, and which may be known by the sign over the door. Each bottle is accompanied with printed directions, sealed with the initials D. G. on the cork, NONE OTHER IS GENUINE. Retail price 50 cents per bottle; wholesale $4 50 per dozen.

Directions—Shake the bottle and apply the Specific with friction to the afflicted parts. In fevers rub well the small of the back. For Hives in children apply it freely to the chest. For Convulsions by rubbing the back and stomach, its effects are almost instantaneous. For the Headache apply it to the back of the neck and soles of the feet. For chilblains or frosted feet, rub them twice a day, or oftener. From 20 drops to a tea-spoon full may be taken inwardly, mixed with water.

A selection of certificates from numerous respectable individuals is annexed, to give the public some idea of the value of the above medicine.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," and the most beneficial result has been the consequence. For the last twenty years I have been afflicted with the rheumatism, and suffered to that degree, that I never went without a cane or a strengthening plaster. By bathing with the Specific the pain is removed. I can walk without a cane, and have no occasion for a strengthening plaster; the great relief I have gained, I attribute under providence to the Specific. It gives me great satisfaction, therefore, to [illegible]
Signed THOMAS CRUMBWELL, 302 Bowery.
New York, 24 February, 1832.

This is to certify that I have used "De Gourgue's Specific," to my entire satisfaction, and I do not hesitate to give my unqualified approbation in favor of the same. By the use of less than one oz., in three weeks time, my hand, which was badly torn to pieces with the loss of one finger, by the accidental discharge of a gun, was completely healed. I have also known others to use it with like success.
[Signed] EDWARD CONLEY, Blackwell's Island.
New York, July 3, 1830.

I have been in the habit of using "De Gourgue's Specific" for several years, and do not hesitate to give it the highest recommendation, having used it most plentifully and always found the greatest benefit from it.
[Signed] JOSEPH GANOUNG, 59 Carmine street.
New York, 12th Dec. 1831.

I certify, that having made use of "De Gourgue's Patent Specific" for myself and family, occasionally for more than two years,—I do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends for the cure of every complaint, and more than are named in the directions accompanying each phial. WM. D. DISBROW,
New York, Aug. 2, 1830. Bowery, near Fifth st.

I have great satisfaction in recommending "De Gourgue's Patent Specific," considering it a very valuable medicine, having been in the habit of using it for the last three years. In a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which deprived me of the use of my limbs, so much so that I could not put my foot to the floor or raise my arms,—I was induced to try the Specific, and was so much relieved that the next day I was enabled to walk freely, and speedily recovered, from the use of one bottle. I have also used it with the greatest efficacy for burns, bruises, wounds, &c in my family. ELIZA BROOKS,
Jan. 23, 1832. Corner 1st Avenue and 10th st.

I was badly afflicted with a violent and continual pain in my breast, for about nine years; the last two or three years it was brought on by bad [illegible] I had consulted five or six different physicians, and tried various remedies. Every thing, however, failed to give me relief, until I fortunately used "De Gourgue's Specific," which, I am happy to state, perfectly cured me in a short time. I keep the medicine constantly in my family, and use it for various purposes, and recommend it highly to all families.
ABRAHAM PARCELLS,
Keeper on Blackwell's Island.
New York 11th August, 1832. dec 23 6m

TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.
BUCK'S CHEMISTRY, price $1 50; Emmons' Mineralogy, price $1 50; Buck's Medical Jurisprudence, price $5; Mayerier's Anatomy, price $2—just received and for sale by
SWORDS, STANFORD & CO.
No 17 152 Broadway.

STOUGHTON COLLECTION—CHURCH MUSIC
JUST published by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, Washington-st. Boston, and Concord, N. H. opposite the Capitol, the 3d edition, enlarged and improved. This work was arranged by the Stoughton Musical Society. It has been improved and stereotyped, and the publishers have spared no pains or expense in rendering it worthy of extensive patronage. It is printed on royal size paper of good quality, and strongly bound. The type is of Latham's construction, New-York, and for beauty and distinctness, is superior to any thing of the kind ever produced in this country. A writer in a Boston Journal, gives the following reasons for his partiality to the work. Without further recapitulation, we shall give our reasons why we adopted a signature as being friendly to the Stoughton Collection of Church Music.

1st. Because it affords that variety of music calculated to please, and beneficially to effect the people of this country. 2d, because it has retained many of the old American tunes, of great merit, in the [illegible] rank—which before were the same as lost to the world—they being out of print. 3d, because it is consulted with strict reference to the wants of the whole community, and not particular for one class, to the exclusion of others. 4th, because the alterations in the old tunes do not interfere with our pleasurable associations, and the established habits and taste of a large portion of our singers. 5th, because its arrangement is to remain unchanged—until another and a different taste prevails among the people. 6th, because the performances of its pieces, the objects and ends are fully answered. Price low. july 19

CIRCULAR CIRCULARUM PEQUONO PUBLICO, No. 208 Bowery.—E. S. TOWERRH, is located at No. 208 Bowery, and has for sale an unique assignatum ad valorum variety of Fancy Hardware and Haberdashery, consisting of all things useful, from kid of ornamental, at wholesale or retail, and cheap for cash, credit or barter. Feb 16

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Duane streets.

PEALE'S MUSEUM
AND GALLERY OF THE FINE ARTS,
BROADWAY, OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.
VENTRILOQUISM.—Mr. HARRINGTON, from Boston, is engaged at the above establishment, and has already given universal satisfaction; his powers of Ventriloquism are very great, and in addition to this, his experiments in Legerdemain are truly astonishing; and the Proprietor feels confident that his visitors will have no reason for disappointment. Mr. H. is engaged for Monday the fourth of March and three following evenings. On Friday and Saturday evenings of the week, the WALLACE FAMILY will give their pleasing Concerts.

Master NELLIS, who was born without arms, still exhibits during the day and evening his wonderful power exciting profiles and curious devices, using his toes as others do their fingers. He also accompanies the Wallace family on the Violoncello, dances a horn-pipe, and shoots with a bow and arrow.

The ANACONDA is remarkably docile, and is worth by his track, in the usual style of wearing Boas. This extensive collection is daily increasing, but to enumerate its late additions in our advertisement would be impossible.

Admittance, as usual, 25 cents—Children half price. Mch 2

HARP.
J. TRUST pupil of N. C. ROCHEA, tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his patrons for their support last season, and begs to inform them and the public, that he has now re-commenced giving Lessons on this popular instrument. As a guarantee of his competency as a Teacher, he takes the liberty to direct the attention of families to the names of the following distinguished individuals, to whom he has the honor and permission to refer—CHARLES CARROLL of Carrollton, J

UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

CARDS.

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

J. BURDELL, Dentist, 302 Broadway corner of Duane street, entrance in Duane street.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker No. 16 Broad street.

EAST RIVER MANSION HOUSE, corner of Water street and James Slip—by Mr. ROWELL

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN & TAVERN an old established English House, 538 Pearl near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No. 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer, No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & WEEDEN, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

FISHING TACKLE.—A. OSBURY & SON, No. 77 William street, corner of Liberty, are selling off their stock of Fishing tackle at reduced prices. Feb 16 3m

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Terbner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHINS plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No. 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock.

BOARD.—One or two Gentlemen can be accommodated with good Board, at 229, Washington-street. 12

TO PRINTERS.—For sale cheap, a font of Long Primer, a fount of Small Pica, and a small fount of Brevier, all of which has been a little used They would answer for a country newspaper. Enquire at No. 7 Wall st or at this office.

March 9 tf

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

[illegible] & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, [illegible] repair and plated ware kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

CABOT, Looking Glass, Portrait and Picture Framer, No. 368 Pearl street, five doors from Broadway. Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to call and examine the patterns. Feb 16

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.

N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames repair. Mch 2

JOHN MAGUIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.

Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street. here the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.

Jan 19 JOHN A MERRELL.

TO CHAIR MAKERS.—Gold leaf and bronzes, of suitable colors for chair makers, at the lowest prices, delivered free of charges from the manufactory, No. 439 Greenwich street, or No. 67 Watts st. New York, by GEORGE S. WAITE. j19

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.

N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price, free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE.

j19 67 Watt st New York

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in Tear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

WANTED.—A Gardner who has been 20 years in the business, which he has a thorough knowledge of, in all its branches, wishes a situation in any part of the Union—he can give the most satisfactory references for good character and capability. Address C. B. (post paid) Museum House, corner Broadway and Anthony streets, next door to the Finish Hotel.

GEORGE DEARBORN, 71 John street, corner of Gold, has this day published a *New Edition of Dr Johnson's Works*, with an Essay on his Life and Genius, by Arthur Murphy, Esq. in two octave volumes—being the first complete edition published in this country. It contains twenty-seven publications of Dr. Johnson, not included in any previous American edition—is handsomely printed and bound, and sold at a low price, and may be had of the Booksellers generally. nov 1

JOSEPH C. HART, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery; Clinton Hall, No. 127 Nassau-st, New York. *References* to the editors of this paper is offered those who may favor him with their business from abroad. tf

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by

JACOB SOUTHART.

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. in the basement, by

nov 19 GRIFFIN & THOMAS

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 16 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots preserving his preparation daily to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supercedes the necessity of blacking.

Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentleman who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of this discovery.

Popular Houses.

EAST RIVER MANSION HOUSE.

Corner of James Slip and Water street.

H. ROWELL, from the Theatre Retreat, Bowery, having taken the above establishment and laid in a stock of the choicest wines and spirits the markets afford, begs leave to assure his friends and the public that it will be his constant study by every means in his power to merit a continuance of that patronage and support he has so liberally experienced since his commencement in this city.

☞ All the daily papers of the city taken in.

Mch 2

MIBLO'S HOTEL,

No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR streets, New York.

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his hotel, which he originally adopted, Congress Hall, subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbour as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of MIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No situation in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Mibio's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.

The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequently as an associate with Mr. Heiskill of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

CLINTON LUNCH,

Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled success they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, it possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The unbounded increasing avarice to all kinds of common-place puffing, have been determined that this establishment should never fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of the truth of examination to spare no pains or expence in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expence, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 5th instant, the entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exercised to please and to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.

nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

REMOVAL.

L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*. N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, and "they are as plenty as blackberries," shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication; although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, [illegible] South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

CONGRESS HALL,

PARK PLACE, Albany.—By W. LANDON, (Formerly Cruttenden's)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense*. june 19

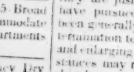
MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilde's & General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Hollliston, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Hartford to Hartford, $5—from Hartford to New York, $4 50. dec 29 J. BROOKS, Agent.

NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.



FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & New Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell two days Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsboro', Dunstable, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Barre, Gilbertville, Enfield, Belchertown, Granby, Cabotville Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 5 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

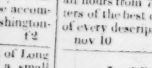
RETURNING

Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 5 o'clock same day.

Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.

March2 N. B. MOSELY, Agent.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.



LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK Daily Line of Stages, (Sundays excepted) start at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 1 P M and in New York the 3d day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily; and arrive in Lowell, at 1 P. M. Sundays excepted:

LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO' AND ALBANY Daily Mail stages, leave Lowell daily Sundays excepted at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days fare six dollars. Returning, leave Bunker & Wade's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day 4 P. M. Sundays excepted of Same days. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Monday at Lowell and Albany. This Line not connected with New York Stages.

LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS AND ALBANY Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 2d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell at 5 o'clock P. M.—Passing through Mont Vernon, Lyndeboro', Temple, Peterboro', Hancock, Nelson, Keene, Walpole, Bellows Falls, Rockingham, Chester, Weathersfield, Cavendish, Ludlow, Clarendon, Rutland, Castleton, Fair Haven, Whitehall, Fort Ann, Fort Edward, Sandy Hill, Glens Falls, Moreau, Waterford, Troy, Lansingburgh, &c. Passengers wishing to take the cars at Lowell, can be accommodated with tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application at the Stage Office. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Museum House.

THOMAS A STAPLES, Agent.

march2 Lowell.

PRACTICAL HOUSE CARPENTER.

JUST published and for sale by R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, *Benjamin's Practical House Carpenter*, being a complete desk-book for all the Common Orders of Architecture, mathematical and strength of materials, and a new and comprehensive method of describing the Greek Orders, with all their details drawn to a large scale; to which is appended, exercises of Angles for Bevels, Frontispieces, Doors, Windows, Caps and Bases, Stack Fronts, Stacks and Shutters, Pedestals and Base Mouldings, Architraves, Cornice Pieces, Frames for Roofs and Partitions, Stairs, &c. Engraved on sixty-four large quarto copper plates. By Asher Benjamin, Architect. Author of "The American Builder's Companion," and other Publications of Architecture. Wholesale orders should be addressed to R. P. & C. WILLIAMS, No. 18 & 20 Cornhill, Boston.

apr 19 tf

A. B. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 256 Broadway.

Stages and Steamboats.

NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE.

Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $4. To New-Haven, $2.

The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt. Barker, will on Tuesday the 24th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows:—From the steamboat place, foot of Barclay-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.

The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation; the pains not expected have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects is so formed she will be the most worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.

Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. 3d30

WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.

The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River [illegible] place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of

J. SANTON & CO. 114 South street.

JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.

Jan 19

CITIZENS LINE. BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.

STAGES leave Boston for Providence, to intersect with the Steam Boats for New York, every morning, at 5 o'clock. Stages also leave Boston for Providence at 11 A. M. 2 o'clock, P. M., every day, Sundays excepted, and on that day at 10 o'clock, A. M. The above line of Stages every day pass stages that connect with the Stages every day pass stages that connect with the Stages every day pass stages that connect with the